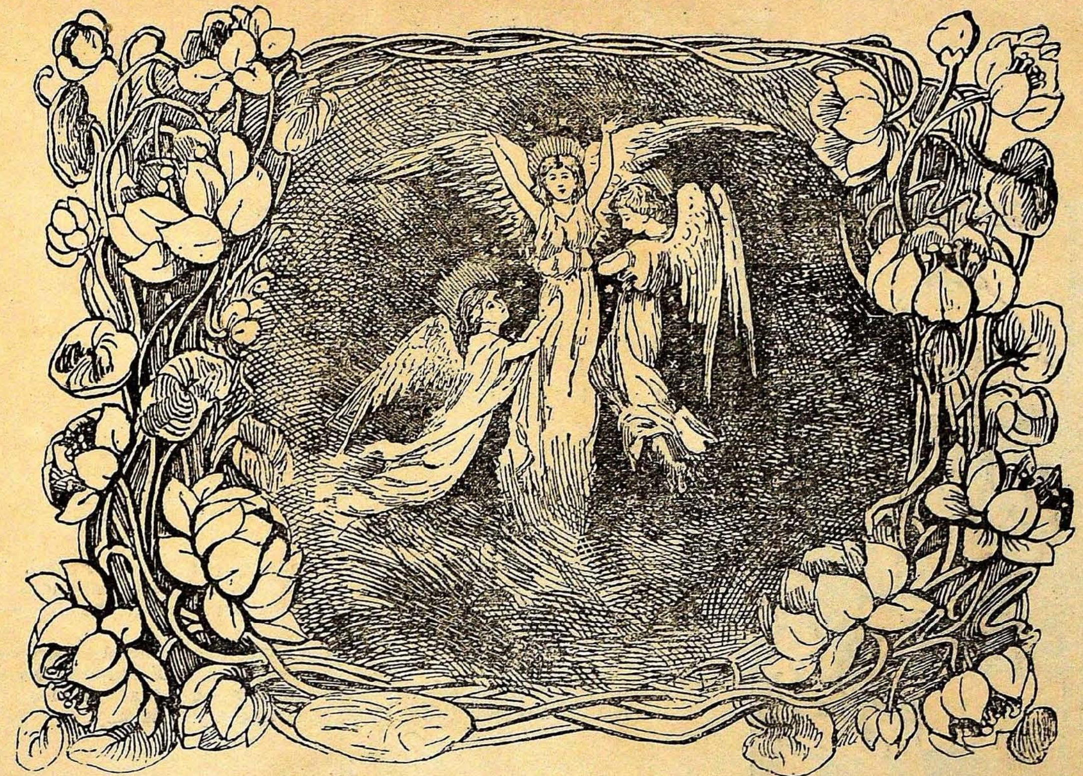


# THE INDIAN LADIES' MAGAZINE.

Vol. VII. AUGUST, 1907. No. 2.

## BY THE SEA.

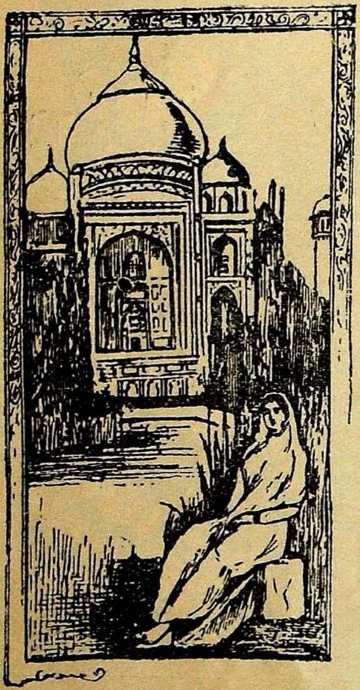
### SONNET.

THERE comes to me a vision of the day
When first I made acquaintance with the sea,
Rolling and rushing up the beach to me,
Then tumbling back, a giant in his play:
Lo! with arched neck again in foam and spray
Hoarse-voiced he leaps, recoils as speedily,
Leaving toyshells, his shining legacy,
Spars, pebbles, coral weeds of brightest ray.
Anon the many-mooded thing would sleep
In lamblike stillness all a summer noon,
While sunstars quivered on the hollow deep,
Then wake refreshed from slumber, and how soon
With wet and windy manes toss silver-bright,
A wilderness of motion and of light.

# The Arts of India.

BY EDMUND RUSSELL.*

I.



What broken lotus wilts upon thy steps !
O Tâj Mahâl ! the Jumna and the Ganges
Shall meet to bear thy beauty to the sea,
That tells again the world knows none more fair.
Thy Mosque of Pearl holds like a verbrant shell
The voices of the glory and the shame :
And in the mirror of gem-crested wave
I read the promise as I read the past.
The calm of emerald waters and their light,—
The rain of rubies blood-red from afar,—
The sapphire thought of Brâhman skies serene,—
The diamond flashing of world-conquering swords,—
The opal-future of a new sunrise.

India lies prostrate at the foot of her crowning glory of Art, the Taj. The Jumna flows past to join the Ganges; together they bear to the sea and to the world its wondrous tale. And in the mingled waters is read the history of India's past and the promise of her future.

It is a jewelled picture: The green emerald of primeval peace—red storms of conquest that deluged her in blood—clear skies of Vedantic thought—the flash of Moghul swords—a glorious future to come that will blend together like a radiant jewel this contradiction in complex destiny.

II.

I see the Aryan fresh from the hand of God
Pause 'mid the ice-falls of an Afghan pass,
And gaze down into Ind-land.—Bhâratavarsha !
He hears far off his brothers building Rome,
The sound of Grecian music smites his ear,
And farther still, an ocean-muffled cry
From savage islands in a northern sea :
He does not turn the rapture of his eyes—
They pierce the icy hymalayan mists,
And gaze on valleys ripe for scythe or sword,—
His foot has kissed his kingdom in the south,
His voice cries to his brothers and to God :
" For you the World ! But India is mine !"

The first Aryan stands amazed at the gate of India, seeing as in a vision the beautiful land of Bharat stretched beneath his feet. His brother Aryans have gone forth to the world to build up the powers of Rome and enkindle the arts of Greece.

He has found his kingdom.

III.

Now in the palm-set god-land made for peace,
The framers of the Vedas pause to hear
The songs of Kshattric-Stegfrieds at the forge,
The sons of Râma radiant in the flame
Beating with gold-wrought verse and silver prayer
Blood-trenches in the metal of the sword
That for long centuries may not know its sheath.
The Khaiber-floods sweep to the Deccan-wall,
The hunting leopards slip their jeweled leash,
The golden striped-one roars from his lair,
As Solar meet the Lunar ones in strife

* Written in 1900. The explanation at the end of every verse is given by Sarath Kumar Ghose.

And war and woe and death make red the land.
  E'en as the ploughman plants his corn in blood,
The potter turns his wheel, not knowing if
  The clay he moulds will serve for life or death,
And Brâhman builds his temples with the scent
  Of blood mixed with the mortar. But he stands
Ever with good gifts in his hands for men—
  The Arts, the Laws, Philosophy and Song,
Poetry and speech, Numbers and Stars, in verse:
  A storehouse for the World to feed in famine,—
Thy gifts, O weeping Mother!

The scene changes. The Vedic age gives place to the Epic, and the clash of swords disturbs the sweet hymns of the Rig Vedas. The Kshattric chieftains forge their noble blades with magic songs, and Siegfried (the Scandinavian warrior immortalised in music by Wagner's transcendent genius) finds his prototype in Râma, the divine hero sung by earth's first poet, Valmiki. The five Pandus meet the hundred sons of Dhrita-rashtra in conflict, and the Mahabharata unfolds to the world its heroic tale of their loves and hates.

The sun arises in the East that it may shine upon the West. Human culture begins in India—Grammar, Mathematics, Astronomy and Law, all expressed in verse in the manner of this imaginative people.

These were India's gift to the awakening world—now herself a broken lotus!

IV.

  Pale Greek gods
Mixed with the coronals of Meru's mount,
  As Alexander's chariot seaward rolled.
From northern plains, the Scythian, Tartar, Hun,
  Stamped out each other's tracks,—yet India lived!
While Brahman, Swordsman, Husbandman and Slave
  Fought with one hand, and on the nation's wall
Wrote with the other that all worlds might read:—
  AUM! Veda! Sutra! Manu! and Purânal!
Hail! to the Satki! Khudda! Dahnu! Ban.

Alexander came to take—and gave instead. The gods of the Indian Olympus began to be carved as by Grecian chisels.

Horde after horde swept over India, and still the Indian personality was never extinguished—as it never will be. The Assyrian, the Phœnician, the Egyptian are known by broken column and crumbling pyramid, and no true Greek walks Grecian soil to-day. But the caste-system, with all the rifts in its armour, was ordained to preserve undefiled the ancient types of Aryan manhood and Aryan beauty.

The struggle of religion and independence was carried on side by side—the sacrifice in one hand and the sword in the other, and the cry was ever:

"Glory to our sacred books! The Vedas—the prayers of our ancestors! Our life-guiding Sutras! Our wise code of Manu! The legends of our Puranas!

"Hail to our weapons of War! The Javelin! the Sword! the Arrow! and the Bow!"

V.

Now all the air is heavy with the sound
  Of white wings whirring northward; shining-ones
Like wild swans to Kapilavastu's heights
  Troop to adore the babe in Mâyâ's arms—
The arms of Mystery holding up The Light!
  The Bo-tree saw the Great Enlightenment;
The green deer-forest heard the words of peace,
  Shed from the splendour of the yellow robe
Ringed by the twice-born, thrice-kissed kneeling host:
  And Constantine Asoka prayed so loud
The gods of other lands lift up their heads
  To claim their tithe of worship. Floating green
The prophets' banner pointed to the South,
The bearers of the Sacred Fire came,
  And pale Christ on the cross turned to Aryâvarta—
The God-land!

Now a great hunger rages in the human heart to obtain the solace and comfort of heavenly peace. Buddha, ding beneath the Bodhi-tree over the mystery of his awakening soul, arises, and going forth to the world, opens

the gates of mercy to the poor and outcast, and covers with his ample pity, like a flowing garment, all bitherto beyond the gates.

King Asoka takes up this burden and this labour of love to teach mankind the sweetness of heaven, anticipating by five centuries for the Eastern world the work of Constantine for Christian Europe.

Seeing these things from afar, Moslems, Parsis and Christians shall lift up their emblems by the pillars of his faith, the four corners of Ind.

VI.

Splendour of new-born arts outshone
  The " nine gems " of Vikramâditya's court
From royal bird of Indraprastha's throne,
  As Akbar wedded India. Jehângir,
The Conqueror-of-the-World, sorrowed and loved;
  And Shâh-Jehân, clasped "titan and fairy fingers"
In prayers of marble, lazul, agate, jade,
  Whilst fear like a rat gnawed at the golden thread,
And caged he suffered of the curse of Lear.
  Aurungzeb left *Takht-i-Taus* for soldier's tent,
And "launched his desperate bark upon the wave."
  Bhonsla Sivaji waked the cry again,
And Peshwa, Gaekwar, Holkar, Scindhia, Sikh—
  Prayed to the Virgin of the Bloody Sword!

There is no more charming legend in the world than that of Vikramaditya and his nine wise men, his *nau ratan*, of whom none shone brighter than Kalidas, the scintilant author of the beautiful drama of Sakuntala, the "Lost Ring."

The intense luxury of this period gave great impulse to decorative art. Akbar indeed " wedded India, " choosing his ministers alike from Hindus and Muslims, and a bride for himself and his sons from every court in the land—except proud Oodeypur.

Jehangir (*Jehan*, the world ; *gir*, conqueror) yearned all his youth for one denied to him ; Shah Jehan, who raisedt his crown of human art over his lost Taj Mahal (his " Palace Crown "), was dethroned by his son, and old and broken like Shakespeare's King Lear, was actually kept in a cage that all who passed might mock at him. Aurungzeb lived full forty years on the tented field, and at the moment of death raised himself and uttered the heroic words, " I have launched my bark on the bosom of the deep, come what may. Farewell ! Farewell ! Farewell ! "

Then the glorious Sivaji—the flower of Maharatta chivalry—the martyred sons of Guru Govind—snatched in turn from Delhi's nerveless grasp the sceptre of Ind.

VII

But Mother! think not these thy greatest glories!
  Think not thine own transcendent arts are dead.
Thine ears are stunned with shock of sword on sword,
  Thine eyes are blinded with the flash of fight,
Thy body scarred and bleeding from these wars.
  The seven petals of the lotus flower
Plunge in the sacred Ganges once again,
  And let them taste thy Punjab water sweet.—
Thy jewels have but fallen on the strand
  For thee to stoop and string with sacred thread.
Lift up the *purdah*! gaze from *pinjra* lattice
  Upon the nations watching for thy face.
Siva, the Great Destroyer, calls thee now
  As Siva the Awakener! Sarasvati,
Pârvati, Lakshmi, call to thee—Thy sisters!

But to the world India's fame lies in her arts, her philosophy, her songs; history ever dwells too deeply on wars. A great future in the triumphs of peace may yet dawn upon her.

The gods call again ; the awakening flower is ready to bloom anew, and a cycle of industry and commerce to restore to her her ancient wealth.

VIII.

Restring thy pearls, clasp full below thy breasts,
  The stream whereof the whole world waits to drink,
The jewelled songs of Jaipur. Lift the form
  That all thy cities-proud would clothe in splendour.
The " *evening-dew* " spreads on the Dacca grass,
  Invisible, it waits to float above

Thy "*chand-tara.*" From sandal-scented seas
  Scindhia's great chain will ripple on thy neck—
As on the neck of Jhansi's warrior-queen.
  The gates of Somnath open wide again,
And Durgavati, Chand Sultana come.
  Pale Soma cups of gem-encrusted jade
Lift longing to thy lips. In far Kashmir
  A golden *Sari* floats upon the breeze;—
The frost-flowers of Cuttack would crown thy head;—
  Thy lost ring "*Sakantala!*" Slip on thine hand.

The Jaipur enamel, the pearl of the jeweller's art, may achieve once again its lost renown. The traditional muslin of Dacca—once the queen of raiments, now forsaken by her fickle votaries—so thin that when spread on wet grass it seemed like the dew from which it took its name—may yet mingle with the stars and moons of the *chand-tara*, the loveliest of brocades.

Scindhia's chain of pearls is the finest in the world. It adorned the neck of the great Maharani Jhansi on the field of battle.

Her very name arouses the echoes of her compeers, Durgavati, Chand Bibi, who form with her this trinity of India's noblest women.

IX.

Uplift! O Martyr Mother! for the sake of
  Agra and Delhi! Odeypur and Jodhpur!
Bhopal! Baroda! Amritzar! Adjmir! Malwa!
  Lahore! Mysore! Travancore! Ceylon! Karnata!
Vizianagram! Tanjore! Bhotan! and Nepaul!
  Show them the ecstacy, splendour and sheen of thy garments!
Waft them the mystery, poetry and charm of thy beauty!
  Their opening blossoms wait by for thy kiss
To give their honey to the bee that sucks.
  They weave the *mohan-mala* to enchant thee—
String they the *devachchanda* to ensnare thee!
  The *nakshatra-mala*, "chain-of-stars," to bind thee,
And web the gold-woofed *kinkhob* to enfold thee.

Drunk without drinking (like a Rajput chieftain of old), the mind of the poet suddenly soars to transcendent heights. History is left behind. Filled with these bygone splendours, a frenzy of passion seizes the soul. The art-cities of India pass in procession with the quickness of a vision.

The ancient craftsmen of India, true poets in their nature, gave names to their jewels full of the most exquisite imagery and caprice. The strings of golden flowers (*mohan-mala*, garlands of enchantment); the *devachchanda* (necklace of a hundred rows of pearls, upon which the gods write the stanzas of their poems); the *nakshatra mala* (garland of constellations); and the *kinkhob* (royal cloth-of-gold).

X.

A great Nizâm with *kuft* and *bidri* shields thee,
  The *tri* and *nau-ratan* keep thee holy,
The King's-*mulmul* spreads light to wrap thee fair,
  A thousand sweet blows fall upon the night,
A thousand hammers sing thine arts of peace.—
  Râmpur would clasp thy wrists,—Golconda's womb
Yield all its treasures for thy starry crown.
  The brown hill-dwellers give their humble toil
Awrought with Aryan beast or Persian flower,
  Or set with claw of *sher* or *hathi's* tusk,
Inlaid in teak or ebon. Benares beats
  Her sounding brass, and Cutch her tinkling cymbals.

India's modern arts stand in array; The gold-and silver-inlaid arms of the Deccan; the clusters of three and nine sacred gems; the regal muslins; the bracelets of Rampur; the jewels of Golconda; the exquisite carvings on wood set with ivory or the tiger's claw.

XI

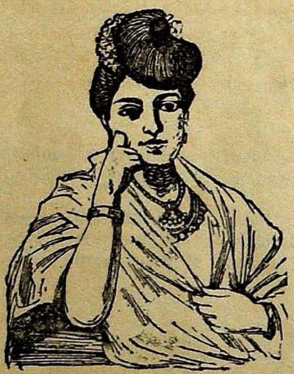
Gather thy strength! Reel to the signal fires!
Nor wave the torch and cry "Fall on and slay!—
No! lift the torch that lights the world to peace!
Nor fright thy brown bright workers from their looms.
Nor let thy hammers fall on steel alone—
Thy woven webs bind but the bleeding ones.
Rise light!—rise splendour!—ancient glory rise!
Sitâ! thy radiant Râma seeks thee still!
Savitri's weary vigil finds its end.—
The hands shall fall from Dhrita-rastha's eyes—
He sees bright Krishna mount Ardjuna's car—
Udisthir stand with Bhim-*bricodara*—
The brothers from their forest exile come!—
The sunrise wakes the golden lotus buds!
Another dawning calls thee to thine own!

In an ecstatic outburst the heroes of the Mahabharata are invoked—to restore the lost splendour of India, and rebuild the walls of Ujjain and Hostinapur.

The greatest prophecy of India has yet to be fulfilled: the tenth and last avatar of Krishna. He will come again—leaping down from the clouds on his white horse Kalkin—and inaugurate a reign of peace and happiness and glory, that shall not pass away till Man is gathered into the bosom of his Maker.

Thus the poem ends. India herself is a poem.

## The Day-dream by Tennyson.



THIS little poem is like the modest violet, which the passer by might unwittingly leave alone, but which when found charms all with its gentle fragrance. It is only "the reflex of a legend past, loosely settled into form," but it is full of a sweet simplicity and naivety which is very charming. It is after all only a day dream, conjured up by the sweet vision of Lady Flora, as "dreaming on her damask cheek the dewy sister eyelids lay," but it is related with all that little attention to detail which makes Tennyson's poems such finished pictures.

I am sure we all are acquainted with the legend of the sleeping beauty, on which this poem is based. The birth of the long-expected child, the unique assembly of fairies at the christening party of the baby, the proud delight of the mother as she held up her little one to be blessed by the fairies in turn, can be better imagined than described, and then creeps in, into this gay assembly, evil and misfortune in the form of a bad fairy, who, making it a pretext for anger that she was uninvited to the feast, pronounces a curse on the innocent girl, that the child if pricked by a needle would immediately die. The thunderbolt has fallen and the rejoicing is at a standstill, but another good fairy, who purposely keeps herself to the last, expecting this, turns the curse of death into a sleep that will last for one hundred years. We hear very little of the little maid after this. We can understand the zealous care with which the parents and friends kept away from her everything in the form of a needle. But the bad fairy disguising herself as an old woman induces her to take a liking to fancy work and thus the curse is fulfilled. The little girl grown to womanhood suddenly and unconsciously falls asleep and all the household with her. It is here that Tennyson takes up the legend. In the first part he gives us a perfect picture of the sleeping palace. The little details help us to conjure up a vivid picture of the habitation of the sleeping princes. Nature outside is changing with the varying year, but within all is silence, and

"Here rests the sap within the leaf,
Here stays the blood along the veins!"

and murmurs from the outside world come like faint echoes to this "sleep-enfolded world." He draws a picture of the "soft lustre" as it falls on the beautiful well ordered lawns, on the absolute stillness and quietness of the atmosphere, and, if we turn to the living inhabitants, they are all fixed, as it were, in the same positions when sleep fell on them, from the king who is at his council of grave barons to the wrinkled steward at his task,

from the banner on the tower to the fountain in the garden, from the peacock in his laurel-bower down to the great; all and everything are steeped in a trance-like sleep ; and to guard this sleeping palace from the intruder and the prying outsider, a hedge has sprung up, a hedge of thorns, ivies, woodbine, misletoes, grapes with bunches red as blood, "a hedge which has formed a thick wall of green, close-matted, bur and brake and briar".

The second part describes the sleeping princess, a beautiful maiden, with her braided jet black hair flowing on either side of her, a being whose constant beauty doth inform stillness with love and day with light; and thus she sleeps under the all-potent charm. She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells

" A perfect form in perfect rest."

Then comes the all-important moment; the fairy prince with joyful eyes "has come from other skies, a youth of joy and light and love; undaunted he breaks through the lowering hedge, though all around lie scattered the bones of those who tried to pierce this thorny wall of green; something urges him on and through the deserted hall and through the rooms of the charmed palace, where everything looks like a picture; "he trusts to light on some thing fair,"

" For all his life the charm did talk
About his path and hover near
With words of promise in his walk
And whispered voices at his ear."

Closer and closer his heart guides him till he is within the presence of the sleeping maiden and then "his spirit flutters like a lark," and unconsciously almost, "he stoops--to kiss her—on his knee." And then, wonder of wonders, everthing sprang into joyous life--,

" A touch, a kiss, the charm was snapt,
There rose a noise of striking clocks,
And feet that ran and doors that clapt,
And barking dogs, and crowing cocks ;
A fuller light illumined all,
A breeze thro' all the garden swept,
A sudden hubbub shook the hall,
And sixty feet the fountain leapt."

and thus, nature, animate and inanimate, awoke into life and the tranced human beings took up the life they had left a hundred summers ago. The next few stanzas describe the rush and the frenzy of renewed life in lilting strains of rippling rhythm. But meanwhile what of the maiden.

" And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old :
Across the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day
The happy princess followed him."

The old life was over, and leaning on her lover's arm she passed into the new life of love and joy, into the pathway of rosy light with love as her guiding star and beacon. Loving and loved, trusting and triumphant, she went with him from her quiet life to see the wonders of the world, but the greatest wonder of life, Love, was hers in all its fulness and tenderness:

" And o'er the hills and far away
Beyond their utmost purple ruin
Beyond the night, across the day,
Through all the world she followed him."

And thus we take leave of the happy princess.

Is it only a day-dream, only a vision passing fair, to burst like an iridescent bubble in the garish light of day? To me, it seems like a sort of allegory. One does not realise oneself till love comes and illumines all. The heart, in its waiting period of the dawn of love, grows and gathers to itself its ideals of beauty, goodness and faith, which are fulfilled, perhaps, when Love, the light-giver comes. "And love took up the harp of life and smote on all the chords with might, smote the chord of self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight."

An Indian Lady.

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# Droupadi's interpretation of the duties of a Hindu wife to her husband and in her home.

(TAKEN FROM THE MAHABHARATA).

A Hindu woman is generally thought to be the most down-trodden of women. This is no doubt true; but few suspect the great influence she has, as a rule, over her husband. The only question is, whether the influence is for good or bad. Indeed, I fear me, it is often a bad effect—not bad in the sense, that it leads directly to evil—but bad, because it inclines to drive him in the old groove of conservatism, and not in the direction of social reform. Be this as it may, the Hindu husband is often obedient to his wife, as Droupadi claims that her husbands are to her. This, of course, looks an unnatural arrangement of the proper order of things; but I have heard

it said often that a woman who gives in to her husband is the woman who generally gets her own way in the end. Does not this mean that, in marriage, the most successful arrangement is an impartial give-and-take between husband and wife, a mutual consultation of each other's tastes! Far be it that it should mean that the man is foolish or innocent enough to be blinded by the apparent submission of his wife, which is no real submission at all!

"How, O Droupadi," asks a friend of hers, "can you rule the sons of Pandu, those heroes who are endowed with great strength and beauty and who are like the *Lokapala* (rulers of the world) themselves. O beautiful lady, how is it that they are so obedient to you and that they are never angry with you?"

"Hear now," says Droupadi, "of my conduct towards the high-souled Pandavas."

(Let every Hindu woman judge for herself how far her duty lies as Droupadi's duty lay. Let it be remembered also that the best expression of love is often service).

The greatest factor of her duty, she says, is *service*, with a big *S* and devotion with a big *D*. "I am always engaged in serving my husbands, with devotion of heart and without any feeling of degradation at the service I perform.

"My opinion is that to depend on one's husband is the eternal virtue of women. The husband is the wife's god, he is her sole refuge. There is no other refuge for her. How then can a wife do what is disagreeable to her husband? Whatever my husband does not drink, whatever he does not eat, whatever my husband does not enjoy,—I always renounce. I always devotedly seek their welfare. I never either in sleeping or in eating or in adorning my person act against the wishes of my husbands. I am always guided by them.

"I never bathe or eat or sleep till he that is my husband has bathed, or eaten or slept.

"Whether returning from the field, the forest or the town, or hastily rising up, I always salute my husband with water and a seat.

"Hearing the voice of your husband at the gate, rise from your seat and stay in readiness within the room. As soon as you see him enter your room, worship him by offering him a seat and water to wash his feet.

"When he orders a maid-servant to do anything, soon get up and do it yourself. Let him know that you adore him with all your heart."

"A separation from my husband is never agreeable to me. When they leave home, I give up flowers and fragrant paste of every kind, and I undergo penances."

The second great quality of her duty is gentleness of spirit and demeanour and great discretion of conduct.

"Abandoning vanity and subduing desire and wrath, restraining jealousy, ever fearing to utter what is evil and false, or to look or to sit or walk with impropriety or to cast glances indicative of the feelings of the heart, I am never angry, I never speak harsh words, I never imitate women that are wicked. Avoiding idleness, I always do what is agreeable. I never laugh except at a jest. I always refrain from laughing loudly or indulging in high passion and from everything that may give offence. I have my heart firmly fixed in humility and on approved rules.

"Whatever your husband speaks before you, do not speak it out to everybody, though it does not deserve to be concealed. You should always keep yourself aloof from those that are hostile to your husband, or those who seek to do him injury and those that are deceitful."

"You should make friendship with only those ladies who are highly born, who are sinless and devoted to their husbands."

The next great characteristic of Droupadi's duty is being a good housewife and domestic manager.

First, she is respectful to her elders. "My husbands have become obedient to me for my diligence, *i.e.*, my alacrity and for the humility with which I serve my gurus."

Then she treats her mother-in-law well. "I never speak ill of my mother-in-law. Every day I personally wait with food and drink and clothes upon the revered Kunthi. I never show any preference for myself over her in matters of food, and attire and ornaments."

Thirdly, she sees to the *cleanliness* of her house.

Fourthly, she manages a large household with untiring vigilance and the most personal supervision.

"Eight thousand Brahmans were fed every day in the palace of Yuddhistira from plates of gold.

"Eight thousand *Snataka Brahmanas*, all leading domestic lives, were entertained by Yuddhistira; besides those, ten thousand *yotis* had their pure and well-cooked food carried to them in golden plates.

"The illustrious son of Kunti had one hundred thousand well-dressed maid-servants.

"It was I who regulated everything and found the rules to be observed in respect to them. It was I who had to listen to their complaints. I knew everything about the maid-servants of the palace and other servants, nay, even of the cowherds and shepherds of the royal household. It was I alone who knew the real income and expenditure of the king. This load, so heavy and incapable of being borne by persons of evil heart, I, sacrificing my ease, used to bear day and night.

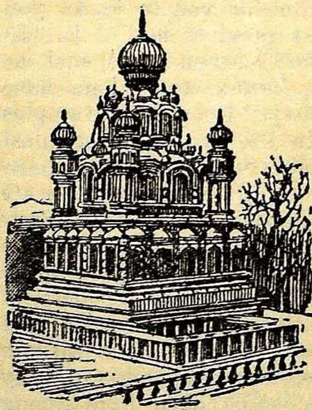
"Day and night bearing hunger and thirst, I used to wait upon the princes, so that my nights and days were equal to me.

"I used to rise up from my bed first and go to my bed last."

Verily, Droupadi must have been an inimitable housewife and wife. But one is inclined to ask, 'had she any time for herself.' Evidently she had, for it must be remembered that the famed ladies of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata were also the equals of their husbands in many respects, and their intelligent and trusted companions and advisors. Consequently, they could not have neglected their own education.

## An Accomplished Indian Rani.

### HER HIGHNESS NANDKUVERBA, C. I., RANI SAHEB, GONDAL.



HER HIGHNESS NANDKUVERBA, the accomplished spouse of H. H. the Thakore Saheb of Gondal, is the second daughter of His Highness Narandevji, the late Maharana of Dharampur. The Chiefs of Dharampur claim descent from Ram, King of Ayodhya, and belong to the Solar race of the Rajputs. Their patronymic is Seesodia, as, according to a legend, one of their ancestors, who, through deception, was made to take a morsel of forbidden flesh, had to expiate the enormity of the sin by swallowing a quantity of boiling lead (Seesa). The original abode of the Sun-born was Oude, but Lava, one of the two sons of Ram, conquered the Western provinces and founded the city of Lavapur, now called Lahore, on the bank of the river Ravi. His descendants migrated to Mewar, Gujerat and other parts of the country and founded independent dynasties there. In the twelfth century Ramshah, an enterprising Chief, laid the foundation of the Dharampur Raj, which he called Ramnagar after his own name. Among the Chiefs that followed, the most distinguished was Dharamdevji who established the City of Dharampur in A.C. 1766 and made it the Capital of his principality. He is the seventh ancestor of the subject of our sketch.

H. H. NANDKUVERBA was from her infancy considered a very promising princess and her childhood was marked with thoughtfulness, intelligence and gentleness. She was fondly loved by every member of her family, whose affection she was never slow to reciprocate. At home her training was of an elementary character—not going beyond the three R's, but this went a great way in forming a solid ground-work of her future education. In 1882, at the age of fifteen, she was led to the hymeneal altar by H. H. BHAGVAT SINHJEE, Thakore Saheb of Gondal. The marriage was celebrated with due pomp and ceremony. The Chiefs of Gondal are Jadeja Rajputs, scions of the renowned Krishna, and belong to the Lunâr race. It will appear from these pedigrees that the match was quite unexceptionable.

From the moment she entered her husband's house the chief care of RANI NANDKUVERBA has been to please her lord and be agreeable to him in every way. She seems to have laid to heart the noble maxim of Seeta, Ram's devoted wife, who says,—

> A woman's bliss is found, not in the smile:
> Of father, mother, friend, nor in herself;
> Her husband is her only portion here,
> Her heaven hereafter.

Her example in this respect is worthy of imitation by every housewife. Her devotion to her husband is a by-word in Gondal. Though bred up in a thoroughly conservative atmosphere, she felt not the least difficulty in assimilating her ideas with those of the Thakore Saheb, who holds radical views in matters social. In India, women of the better classes are seldom seen abroad and the ladies of a Rajput family are, as a rule, strictly secluded. But this courageous lady, with a view to act in concert with the wishes and inclinations of her beloved lord, set aside time-honoured prejudices, discarded the *purdah* and moved about unrestrainedly in his company. Those, who are unacquainted with the manners and customs of the Rajput ladies, can hardly realize the courage and fortitude Her Highness has displayed in going against the current of popular opinion. In a country where a King's wife is sometimes described as one who never sees the sun, surely Rani NANDKUVERBA deserves praise for defying the power of public criticisms and exposing herself to the calumny of her people in doing what she considers to be right and harmless. She is a woman of resolute determination, and when once she is convinced that the step she has taken is not wrong or improper she will stick to it in spite of malevolent detractions and adverse opinions. Seclusion of women was not practised in ancient India and even at the present day it finds favour with a few communi-

ties only. The custom has possibly come into vogue since the time of the Mahomedan invasions of the country and has been copied to some extent from the Mussalmans, of whose religious law it forms a part.

The moral courage the Rani has shown in social life is due chiefly to the education she received under her husband's roof. Her Highness is in the habit of spending her leisure hours in reading wholesome literature and has devoted much attention to the study of English. Her acquaintance with the current Vernacular literature is very creditable indeed. She is fond of the Purans which contain portions of historical and geographical knowledge of ancient India, and the reading of moral episodes from the great epics,—the Ramayan and the Mahabharat,—has done much to broaden her views and to infuse into her mind thoughts and ideas which have an ennobling influence on her character. She has been a great helpmeet to her husband whose heart she has won by her matchless virtues and loving tenderness. One will hardly find Her Highness unoccupied, and her influence on the Palace people is of the healthiest. Despite her exalted position she has not neglected to study the science of household management in which all her highest feelings are called into exercise.

In the beginning of 1890 this Rani Saheb became dangerously ill. Her life was despaired of at the time. Fortunately the illness took a favourable turn and she partially recovered to the joy of every one who knew her. Her Doctors strongly advised her to go on a long sea-voyage and reside for a time in England under the best medical treatment available there. This was a hard nut to crack, for she had never travelled beyond Kathiawar. She, however, plucked up courage and set sail with her husband on the 21st of March. She is the first of her class and rank to proceed to England and stay there for over two years. During the period, thanks to the skill of the Edinburgh Doctors, her health saw considerable improvement. H. H. the Thakore Saheb, in replying to a congratulatory address from his subjects, pronounced the Maharani's recovery to be "one of the greatest triumphs of British Medicine." When the object that brought her to England was fully accomplished, she had reason to congratulate herself on her enterprise in crossing the ocean, or the *Kala pani*, as it is called in India. Her joy was enhanced when just about the time, in 1892, Her Majesty the Queen was pleased to confer on her the membership of the Order of the Crown of India, an honour which was highly appreciated by her numerous friends and admirers. Her Highness had several opportunities of seeing Her Majesty from whom she always received much attention and kindness.

On her return journey she took occasion, in the company of her husband, to visit, besides the Continent of Europe, America, Japan, China, Australia, Ceylon, and was thus able to make a tour round the world. This is the first example of a Rajput Princess undertaking so daring an enterprise. She is a shrewd observer of men and manners that come in her way, and her notebook is always by her side. She has given to the world the impressions formed upon her mind by the grand tour in a volume entitled "Gowandah Parikrama." A hearty welcome awaited her in Gondal, when the people enthusiastically greeted their Highnesses, who are perhaps the most travelled couple in India.

Her Highness is a warm advocate of female education and takes a keen interest in the elevation of her sex. She now and then enlivens the Speech-days at the State Girls' Schools by her thoughtful and practical remarks. On one occasion, while addressing the pupils of the Gondal Girls' School, Her Highness expressed herself to the following effect:—

"Girls, this is the time for you to learn, you should make the best possible use of it. In ancient times many very learned ladies, such as MAITREYEE, GARGEE, LEELA, and others have flourished in our country. Keep their examples before your eyes. In the great philosophical controversy between MANDANMISHRA and SHANKARACHARIYA, LEELA, MANDANMISHRA'S wife,—was appointed umpire, with the consent of both the disputants. Her knowledge was so high that she was believed by the people to be an incarnation of SARASVATI or the goddess of learning. The erudition of MAITREYEE and GARGEE is well-known. Their words of wisdom are read with reverence by great pandits. Many other such instances can be cited from among our class. If their high standard of proficiency is difficult to reach, you should at least know as much of reading, writing, singing, keeping accounts, sewing, knitting, cooking and other domestic work, as is essential to your worldly requirements. Virtue and morality are equally essential—perhaps more so. For it is better to be moral and virtuous without learning, than to become learned and be addicted to questionable habits. Where learning and virtue are found together, it is as good as 'gold with fragrance.' Therefore, bear this in mind and zealously devote yourselves to study."

On another occasion she thus impresses her own idea of education upon her female hearers: "Education is a great ornament to our class. It is a more valuable and beautiful possession than jewels and rich clothing. Therefore, it is necessary that you should make good use of whatever opportunities you have before you for studying. This alone is the best way of be-

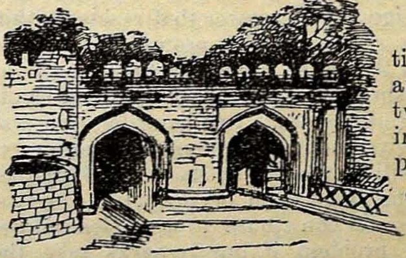
coming happy in life. Men and women may be variously mis-mated, some in age, some in disposition; but those who are mis-mated in education are the worst-mated of all, and are more unhappy than any of the others. Where the mother is educated, there the children are better trained."

Education of women on western models is, however, a new experiment in India where the people are conservative to the core. Every innovation is looked upon by them with suspicion. It is therefore all the more difficult to popularize female education in Native States which are the strongholds of orthodoxy. These difficulties are well anticipated by her Highness in a neat speech recently delivered at the Female Training College at Rajkot. It will not be out of place to give an extract from it here.

"It is not easy to keep an institution like this in a flourishing condition, as the education of grown-up women is looked upon as an innovation in our country. I should not be surprised if the people of the old school went to look upon this new undertaking with any thing but satisfaction. It rests, however, with the present student to prove that education is an ornament, edifying and not debasing, and that age does not, at any rate, detract from its merits. Many of you, my young friends, are desirous of taking up work as teachers, and I wish you every success in your undertaking. But your self-imposed task is by no means an easy one. To learn and to teach are two different things. But then to teach is to learn in another form, and knowledge acquired is not perfected unless it is imparted to others. You must remember that the provinces of males and females are quite distinct, and consequently the ways of educating the two must necessarily differ. There may be some points in common. But the most important part of our education lies in creating good, obedient wives, devoted to their husbands in both prosperity and adversity. The good wives will prove good mothers and will be impressed with the duty of bringing up their children carefully. In cases of ordinary sickness mothers should know what simple remedies to use. Neatness also forms a part of female education. In this as well as in other civilized countries a clean and tidy house reflects no small credit on the house-wife. You should also be free from dependence on servants in household matters, whether they be cooking or mending clothes or fetching water, etc. All must admit that the introduction of water-pipes in cities like Rajkot is a great blessing; at the same time it is a matter for regret that the pleasant sight of healthy robust women returning from the rivers or wells with their water-pots is fast disappearing. Attention to household matters tends not only to the saving of money but also gives excellent physical exercise to the women of this country. I do not advocate females neglecting the duties in their proper sphere, and, for want of such exercise, taking to manly sports, as is done in some of the countries of Europe. When you finish your course here, do not think you have learnt all you should. Your education here prepares you for the higher education in the great school of life. Let me advise you with all my heart to keep before your mental eye the lives of our virtuous and accomplished ladies of past and present times."

In 1895 she again accompanied her husband to England with a view to install the Heir-apparent at Eton. The Maharani was present at Moscow to witness the Coronation of the Czar and cheerfully took part in all the social functions with her husband. Her graceful figure did not fail to attract notice in London, at the time of the recent Diamond Jubilee. She is, in short, a model Rajput Princess, always ready to share her joys and sorrows with her beloved lord. She has a quick and clear understanding with strong natural sense. Though free from superstition, she is exceedingly pious. Her extensive travels in foreign countries have not in the least shaken her faith in Hinduism. She distributes a large sum annually among the poor, and assists the afflicted in all possible ways.

## Swadeshism.



THE present situation of Indian affairs opens two theatres of interest, one political, the other industrial. Each derives a subordinate interest from the other. It is under the stress of political forces that the existing industrial activity came into existence. On the other hand, politics found in the wide field of industry one or two weapons of aggressive warfare. The accident of birth and growth placed the two movements in such close position that they acted and re-acted on each other in an infinite and complex number of ways. But the relations that bind politics to industry are neither absolute nor necessary. They are only accidental and secondary. In their aims and in their

methods they follow courses widely different. In fact, a steady attempt is made, with great success, to separate economic problems from the political, and supply the former with a basis of its own. At the very outset, it would be necessary to emphasise in the strongest terms possible, that *Swadeshism* has no political significance, and that those who adopt its cause are not bound to give credence to political doctrines of any peculiar and aggressive type. No movement has suffered more, and, in our opinion unjustly, than Swadeshism by its proximity to politics. The use of 'Boycott' as an engine of opposition in all contests with the reigning Government, has led the uncritical mind to associate Swadeshism with politics of an extreme character. Moreover, the genesis of the movement in an atmosphere surcharged with political unrest has acted as an obstacle to the real appreciation of its merits. Swadeshism has, for its object, the improvement of the commercial prosperity of India, by a revival of the dormant mercantile and industrial genius of the people, and by an able management of the labour and resources of the country. Those, who desire to form an impartial estimate of the movement, must force themselves from all political bias and prejudice, either for or against it.

The movement has also suffered from the representations of friends and foes alike. The one looking at it from inside, through the mediun of patriotic emotion, has failed to grasp its limitations and defects. He knows its potentialities, and his sympathy for the movement makes him blind to its drawbacks, and, consequently, induces him to overestimate its possibilities. The other, looking from outside, through the glasses of prejudice, gets but a distorted vision of the whole. He sees the defects and ignores the power that resides within it, with the result that he pronounces, rather hastily, that the cause is doomed to failure.

Swadeshism urgently claims a fair and equitable hearing of its case. In this article we will attempt to give such an account of the movement that will escape the accusations of partiality on the one hand, and of prejudice, on the other. It would contribute to the clear statement of the problem if our remarks take the form of answers to the following questions: Is there any necessity for the existence of the movement? What does the movement aim at? How does it propose to achieve its end? Is it likely to succeed?

The poverty, or rather the recognition of the poverty of India, creates the problem which Swadeshism purposes to solve. There was a time when the educated classes of this country seriously entertained the belief that India is a rich country. The improvements in the ordinary conditions of life were taken as an index to the increasing prosperity of the people. A candid study of the facts has already dispelled this fond delusion. The curtain that separated the toils and struggles of the masses from our view has been removed. A sadder spectacle has never been revealed to human vision. The majority of the working classes live on one meal a day, not a few could afford even this luxury. The huts in which they live are for the most part miserable and wretched. The poverty of India is now a well-established fact. Whatever might be the causes which have contributed to this state of things, whichever might be the party on whom the blame rests, the fact itself is undeniable. The people have realised it. The Government has acknowledged it.

What then are the causes of the poverty of India? The causes that have conspired to bring about this deplorable state of affairs are varied and various. The conservative tendencies of the people, coupled with social customs of a ruinous nature, have succeeded in making India poor. Expensive marriages have lodged many into debt, which is a certain road to poverty; love of ornaments, by diverting the funds available for commerce to purposes of personal adornment, has also been a contributory cause. Money turned to ornaments affords no scope for the increase of initial outlay. The want of enterprise is another cause. The vast preponderance of the agricultural population is another cause. In times of famine the whole country is practically thrown out of its profession. Industries and trade, which are necessary for the growth of commercial welfare, have been abandoned for agriculture.

Agriculture is subject to the vagaries of weather and the vicissitudes of famine. Mechanical trades, on the other hand, offer a continuous prospect of activity to the people. Being based on social need, they are as permanent as the society itself. A regular and unfailing source of income is thus replaced by a means of livelihood over which man has but very limited control. The death of indigenous industries may be cited as another cause. Many of the native industries had to succumb under the keen competition of the modern world. Other countries, what with their improved machinery, what with their superior talents, have easily outstripped India in the race after fortune, and finally ousted her from the field altogether.

The nature of our imports and exports may be said to have completed the ruins worked out by other causes. India exports raw material, and imports all the necessity of life. She exports cotton and imports cloth. The significance of this state of things is plain enough. Other countries are enriched at our cost. What we gain by exports is more than counterbalanced by what

we lose by our imports. The country is gradually emptied of its resources. Wealth steps out. Poverty steps in.

Handing over to social reformers the task of combating and finally conquering these evils, which, arising from an ill developed character, have operated fatally against co-operation for commercial purposes, Swadeshism undertakes to cure the evils which are responsible for the poverty of India by a twofold activity. The first of these is the re-trial of dying and dead industries which are indigenous. Even after foreign standards of life and taste have done their work, it is quite possible that the Indian heart would retain a lingering affection for articles which are characteristic of this country. The happy associations that hover around memories which cling around these articles, investing them with a halo of sanctity, will certainly safeguard their interest against the usurpation of foreign ware. The brass ware of India, the *sarees* of Benares, though they might sink to a secondary position, will never be banished from Indian homesteads. The demand for commodities distinctly Indian will never cease to exist. Thus the revival of indigenous trades will answer a real need. The starting of such industries will meet the needs which a progressive civilization has created. The advance of science, the intercourse with the other nations of the world, the opening the doors of the country to the foreigner, have operated upon our mode of life and have increased our needs. At present, most of our needs are met by foreign articles. By sending our youths to the industrial centres of the world, and by opening factories in India, Swadeshism hopes to stem the tide of incoming foreign articles. Our raw material would be properly utilized.

We have already said that one of the causes of the poverty of India is the preponderance of an agricultural population. During the unsettled times of Indian history, mechanical trades being subject to sudden reverses, many were tempted to desert their natural professions for the more stable one of agriculture. Two results followed. The ranks of tillers were greatly augmented by persons little qualified to fulfil duties which agriculture imposes on them. Useful industries were left to languish and die. The revival of industries which Swadeshism contemplates will lead many, whose practical ability has received a wrench by being forced to unnatural occupations, to professions for which natural capacity and hereditary genius fits them. Swadeshism, if successful, thus tends to equalise the distribution of labour between arts and agriculture, upon which the prosperity of a country so largely depends.

By starting such industries as will meet the needs which a progressive civilization has created, this movement proposes to gain the end in view. The absence of commercial knowledge which can touch and transform the crude products of the country to articles of daily necessity, the inability to manipulate the internal resources of the country, is little short of calamity. We are completely banished even from our own markets, and trade has been removed from our hands. We have sulphur and wood, and in abundance, but we have no matches. Our own cotton is given to us in the shape of cloth. Swadeshism creates an Indian market which does not now exist.

Swadeshism, being entirely a practical question, we may not allow its theoretical pretensions to pass unchallenged. The whole interest centres around the methods. According as they are practicable or not, the movement will be pronounced a success or failure. The crucial test which settles the fate of the movement is " How does Swadeshism work when it descends from the heights of theoretical speculation to the plains of the practical world? We must confess that Swadeshism in its working, though it may be too early to pronounce a judgment, has betrayed difficulties, which unless promptly removed, might greatly obstruct its progress, stultify its efforts, and imperil its success.

Starting into life a few minor industries here and there, on a modest scale is all that Swadeshism has attempted till now. But this will hardly produce any perceptible alteration in the present economic situation, neither will it relieve the pressure of the poverty on the working classes. What is needful is that the re-generation which is confined to small industries must be undertaken on a large scale. This arises from the fact that the movement works through petty merchants, whereas the only persons capable of patronising the cause are the rich merchant princes of the land. It is their cooperation that the pioneers of the movement must seek, and it is their sympathy and support that they should enlist.

Secondly, the Swadeshi articles are far inferior to make and far dearer in value than the corresponding *videshi* ones. However much patriotic motives might induce the cultured classes to make the sacrifice demanded, it may confidently be asserted that the appeal will fall flat upon the masses. In spite of all our thunderings from the platforms, the poor will always buy the cheap article. To undertake to better the prospects of the poor by demanding of them a sacrifice which poverty renders impossible is as ridiculous as pointing out to a prisoner that liberty can easily be attained by walking through the stone walls of the prison. The success of the movement entirely depends upon the efficient quality

of the articles produced. Unless these goods compare favourably with foreign products at the same time, it would be an idle dream to hope that we will be able to command a sale in the markets.

To sum up, instead of spreading the available energy over a wide area all efforts must be made to converge and focus on a single point. In concentrating our efforts and in efficiency lies the possibility of our success. The most formidable difficulty in the way of Swadeshism remains yet to be mentioned. The Government has yet to come to our aid and protect home industry by imposing import duties. Whether the Government would lend its support in the interests of the movement or not remains to be seen. Meanwhile, those who have the welfare of the country at heart must see that they do not arm the suspicion of the powers-that-be against the movement, but seek as far as possible to obtain their co-operation.

It would be ungrateful to close this article without paying a tribute of admiration to the daughters of India for the silent sympathy and support they have given to this cause. It is the women of India, that even to this day, patronise the home industries to a great extent. While their learned brethren have talked and talked about Swadeshism, they alone have expressed sympathy in action. What they have done for the movement pales into insignificance compared with what they can yet do for it.

The movement has its origin in patriotism. Its progress, too, depends upon it. The mothers of India, by infusing into the hearts of the future generation a healthy love of their country, may help forward this movement.

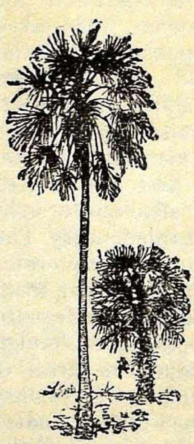
As for the future of Swadeshism, if the currents of thought that are moving the still waters of Indian life to its depths have anything of permanent value in them, if the manifestation of patriotism which we see around has its roots in anything deeper than an ephemeral and transient emotion, then surely, we will not be far in the wrong, if we promise for the movement, a future worthy of its ambition.

C. P.

## MORAL MAXIM.

If your lips would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care:
To whom you speak, of whom you speak.
And how, and when, and where.

## "Thoughts suggested by reading a few lines from 'In Memoriam.'"



DEATH is the greatest of mysteries and from man's point of view inexplicable. It is the necessary consequence of man's connection with the world, and as such in every one the question of the life after death, often rises in some shape or other. Different religions view this question in different lights. The Hindu seeks refuge in the doctrine of Karma, the Buddhist in that of Nirvana, the Christian in the resurrection after death, while the Atheist like the Epicurean refuses to believe in any life after death; and, last of all, the Naturalist, Scientist and Philosopher find consolation in the thought that death is but an immutable law of nature and our feelings must give way to the grand workings of nature. The naturalist adduces the fact that nature preserves the type, while she is careless of the individual. Out of fifty seeds sown, only one bears, while the rest decay in course of time; so also in the case of man. But when we observe natural phenomena all around us, we find that nature is not even careful of the type, as Tennyson says,

> "From scarped cliff and quarried stone
> She cries, 'A thousand types are gone:
> I care for nothing, all shall go.
> Thou makest thine appeal to me
> I bring to life, I bring to death;
> The spirit does but mean the breath,
> I know no more'..........."

so, from this point of view, man is the most despicable of world's creations. To think that man, the best of nature's works, with such splendid and noble purpose in him,

> "Who loved, who suffered countless ill,
> Who battled for the true, the Just",

should at last, in the end, be as if he had never been, except for a few fossil bones thrown among hills and dust, as traces of an extinct race, for the information of coming generations, makes us feel that after all man is "a dream, a discord."

When we ponder over this great mystery, we falter in our faith, and feeling the weight of care fall on us, we can only fall

> "Upon the great world's altar-stairs
> That slope thro' darkness up to God,"

we trust that somehow, in some mysterious way or other, good will come out of all this world's perplexities and mysteries, we trust,

"That nothing walks with aimless feet:
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void."

Perhaps, all this enclosure of mist round death is intended to introduce us to a deeper knowledge of God, and to enable us to be of larger service to man. It reminds us of the fires in the Pyrenees mountains, which burn up vineyards, and olive yards, and rend the rocks and disclose unsuspected veins of precious metal.

We know not anything. We are like

"An infant crying in the night
An infant crying for the light
And with no language but a cry."

We can only trust that good will fall,

"At last—far off—at last, to all,"

we trust there will be a life beyond the grave, as Longfellow says,

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal."

As the meaning of this life is such a mystery to us, we can only

"Stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all
And faintly trust the larger hope."

PAPPAMMAL MASILLAMANI.

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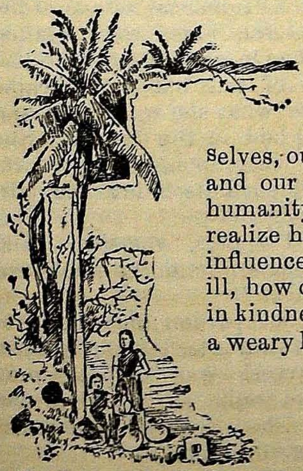
## "Influence is felt, not given."



DO we realize the truth of this? So many of us are wrapped up in ourselves, our joys, our ambitions and our aims. Self blots out humanity. And yet if we can realize how unconsciously we influence others for good or for ill, how one little word spoken in kindness may lighten many a weary heart, and how a little smile would bring gladness to an oppressed mind, we would soon forget self. Sympathy is the root of this and to cultivate it, we must give of ourselves, not only of our time and other external aid, but of our natures, of our thoughts and ideals. Soul must speak to soul and heart to heart. Influence is such. It is not a tangible thing, and yet every moment of our lives we are influencing some one. Does the teacher realize that the little eyes that watch her so demurely are taking stock of herself, her demeanour, her language and her thought, and some all unconsciously have chosen her for their ideal. Is it not a responsibility? To misguide one of these little ones would, indeed, be a crime. Is not the mother the ideal for her children? If she brings them up in love and tenderness, has nothing but sweet caresses and kind words, the infant grows up with sunshine in her heart, and her smile would be like sunshine in the home. The elder sister, is she not an example to her little brother and sisters? Does she realize this? Very often she is cross with them when they come and disturb her, when she is at work, and very often she sets them aside that she may not miss her lessons or her pleasures. And yet one soft word, a re-assuring smile, one little kind act or even the answering of a question, would send the little one away with smiles and dimples. Do not books influence us? We very often wish to be like the heroines of the books we read, and who knows, perhaps, we may be so, when an occasion arises for the showing of presence of mind or courage. Who knows but that that example may not have inspired us. The secret of it all is not to live for ourselves. We all of us possess some marked individuality of our own, and, we are all of us different in temperament, tastes and pursuits. And yet, we can influence each other, by kindliness, sympathy and courtesy. So much can be done by us, women, in this. It is our special realm, because as the softer nature, we can give of ourselves in helping and in cheering on others. We can bring sunshine into our homes. We can improve the lives of those who are less fortunate than ourselves. What we want is "thoughtful love," which, through constant watching, will learn, "to meet the glad with joyful smiles and wipe the weeping eyes." We want a "heart that is at leisure from itself," because

"Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoever estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts,
To keep and cultivate."

Blessed indeed is the woman of whom it can be said:—

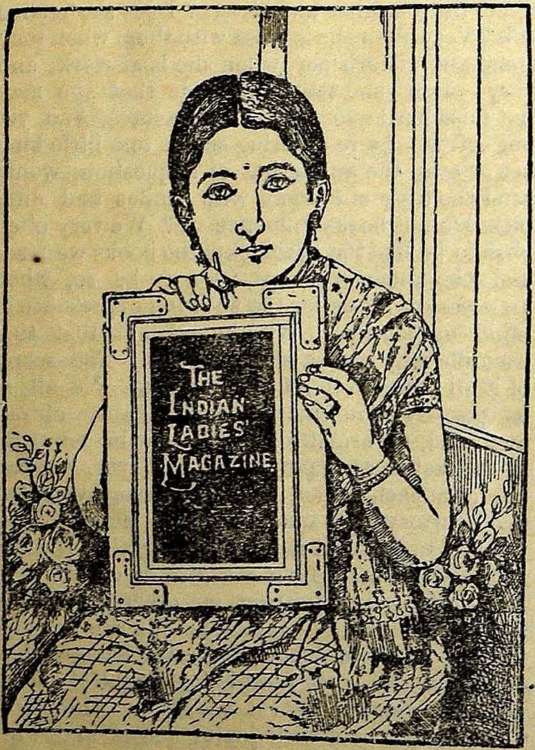
"She never found fault with you, never implied
Your wrong by her right; and yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer.
None knelt at her feet, conferred lovers in thrall,—
They knelt more to God than they used—that was all?

But that 'all' comprises the whole sum of one's life. It is a great 'all,' and if we attain it, we are blessed indeed. The influence of such men and women is really felt and not given, for such influence is ours, if only "we walk with God."

EASY PAGES FOR OUR GIRLS.

## I.—Persephone and Pluto.

A STORY FROM GREEK MYTHOLOGY.




Persephone was one of the fairest maidens the sun ever shone upon. Her eyes were blue like the summer seas, her hair was golden, her voice was sweet as a silver bell. Being the daughter of Demeter, the goddess of harvest, Persephone was entitled to a dwelling in Mount Olympus with her sister goddesses. But Persephone liked the sunshine and the flowers, and the green grassy spaces of earth far better, and elected to live there. Her anxious mother often spent happy days on earth with her; and hand-in-hand, the two goddesses would wander about the fields and meadows, and the goddess of harvest would smile on her daughter and the corn would grow twice as rapidly as at any other time, and the farmers would thank the gods and congratulate themselves.

But this idyllic existence was destined to be broken. One morning, Persephone went into the fields to gather daffodils. The sea nymphs were with her and made wreaths of the beautiful flowers for their yellow hair. But Persephone wandered far away, till presently, she found a flower she had never seen before. It was a white narcissus, but instead of one or two flowers, a hundred starry blossoms were growing on one stalk. With her lovely face bent over the beautiful flowers, she was inhaling their delicious scent, when a terrible thing happened. The earth suddenly opened at her feet into a great black gulf, out of which came forth a chariot drawn by four black horses. From the chariot leaped the mighty figure of Aides, King of Shades, and he snatched her up in his arms and bore her away to the regions below the earth.

And so Persephone was lost to the world. Demeter came and searched for her, everywhere, but her fair and beloved daughter was nowhere to be found. Then, in despair, the sad mother disguised herself as an old wrinkled woman and went to Attika, in Greece, to conduct the search. She sat beside a well, and at sunset, young girls came with pails to draw water from the well. They were princesses, the daughters of Queen Metaneira, and they had pity on the old woman and took her as a nurse for their baby brother.

The goddess Demeter, disguised as a mortal, made a wonderful nurse for the infant Prince, who throve splendidly under her care. She rubbed his limbs with ambrosia, the food of the gods, by day, and at night she laid him on a blazing fire, the flames of which did him no harm, but only made him the stronger and rosier. She intended to make him as immortal as one of the gods themselves; but the Fates were against him. For, one day, the Queen-mother, who had long been suspicious of the old nurse, came secretly at night to see what she was doing and saw the child being laid in the flames. She screamed with terror, whereupon, the bent form of the nurse straightened itself into the fair, beauteous figure of the goddess.

"I am the goddess, Demeter," she said, "and I would have made your son immortal; but your curiosity has prevented it."

The queen begged her pardon; but Demeter would not listen and soon after left the palace.

That year the harvest was a poor one, for Demeter could not smile on it. Then she made a resolution. "There shall be no harvest, till Persephone is restored to me."

Then the gods assembled together, and begged the King of Shades to send back Persephone

who was now his wife, as fair as before, but not at all happy. Hermes was the messenger of the gods. He had silver rings on his feet and on his cap. He came like a flash of light into the land of Shades, and Persephone fell at her husband's feet, and begged him to send her back to her mother. The crafty Aides gave his permission, but also gave her a few pomegranate seeds to eat.

This was the poor girl's undoing, for any one who tasted food in that dark land was bound to stay there forever. But, without Persephone, the harvests were bound to suffer, and there would be famine. So the gods had a consultation together, and made the following arrangement—that Persephone should stay six months with her husband and six months with her mother. Thus, during the dark months of winter, there are no harvests, but when the spring sunshine smiles on the earth, Demeter is happy again, and beneath her smile, the summer grain brightens to a fruitful harvest.

## II.—A Nine Days' English Queen.

Lady Jane Grey or rather Dudley, was the great grand child of Henry VII, through her grandmother Mary, Queen Dowager of France, the wife of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. Her father was Henry Grey who was created Duke of Suffolk in 1551. Jane married Guildford Dudley, fourth son of the Duke of Northumberland. She was an amiable, charming, and witty girl and every one who came in contact with her, had a liking for her. Fuller says of her that, "she had the innocency of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of middle age, the gravity of old age, and all at eighteen, the birth of a princess, the learning of a clerk, the life of a saint, yet the death of a malefactor for her parent's offences."

On Edward's death in 1553, Lady Jane Grey was proclaimed Queen by the Duke of Northumberland. But the people would not endure such a base settlement. They rose in arms in favour of Mary. Northumberland marched from London to crush the rising. But the people of London, Protestants as they were, showed their illwill by a stubborn silence. Northumberland's own followers deserted him. And, when he found that all was lost, he himself threw his cap into the air and shouted for Mary. But this submission failed to avert his doom. He was found guilty of high treason and was brought to the block. The death of Northumberland drew with it the imprisonment in the Tower of the innocent and helpless girl, Jane, whom he had made the tool of his ambition. Lord Guildford Dudley, and Lord Suffolk were also kept in the Tower pending their trial.

On Monday, the 10th July, 1553, Lady Jane had been brought from her residence to the Tower, where she was received as Queen. On the 19th July, when Mary had been proclaimed Queen she wished to leave the Tower, but found to her utter astonishment and despair, that she was a prisoner as well as a deposed Queen. Her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, was placed in the Beauchamp Tower, and Lady Jane was kept in the Lieutenant's lodging, and afterwards in the Gaoler's house, which adjoins it.

Queen Mary was crowned on the 1st of October, and on the 12th of November, Lady Jane and her husband, with Archbishop Cranmer and others, were brought for trial before the Lord Mayor of London. The prisoners pleaded guilty, and Lady Jane was sentenced to "be burned alive on the Tower Hill or beheaded as the Queen pleases". Though there seems to have been some chance that the young couple might have escaped the extreme penalty of the law, Jane's father joined in Sir Thomas Wyatt's insurrection, and that sealed their doom. The ministers did not think it safe that their lives should be spared, even though the Queen wished to show some mercy. The executions were fixed for the 12th February, but in different places, since it was feared that the people may not like the sight of so young a pair meeting death together. On the morning of the 12th February, Lord Guildford Dudley went forth from the Tower to the scaffold on the Tower Hill. And before his execution, he requested the people many times to pray for him and held up his hands to God with tears.

Next was the turn of Lady Jane, who, as she was endued with singular gifts, both of learning and knowledge was as patient and mild as any lamb at her execution. Amid much adversity, she remained faithful to the truth all her life, and, finally, died, meekly confessing her trust in her Saviour. Lady Jane went forth to her execution with a serene spirit, and a little before her death, she uttered these words from the scaffold to the people, who were standing thereabout,—"Good people, I come hither to die and by law I am condemned to the same. I pray you, all good Christian people, to bear me witness that I die a true Christian woman, and that I look to be saved by none other means, but only by the mercy of God, in the merit of the blood of His Holy Son Jesus Christ;................and now, good people, while I am alive, I pray you to assist me with your prayers." The hangman

(*See page* 51.)

III

# WORK, SISTERS, WORK.

Work, sisters, work!
Go singing on your way!
Work is the solace of our life,
Work has the power to crush out strife,
Work, sisters, work!

Work, sisters, work!
And while ye work, oh pray!
Pray, for the mighty God above
Shall work through you, as God of love,
Work, sisters, work!

Rest, sisters, rest!
When age crops up to you,
Honour and love and joy and peace
Crowning your lives when work shall cease,
Rest, sisters, rest!

who was standing near her was very much moved by these pathetic words, and kneeling down before her, asked her forgiveness. She forgave him most willingly and requested him to despatch her quickly. At the last, she calmly laid her head upon the block, and said "Lord into Thy hands I commend my spirit." And so she ended, and was buried in the St. Peter's Chapel beside her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley.

A little before her death, her Gaoler, the Lieutenant of the Tower of London, asked her for a keepsake, and she gave him the book in which she had just written:—"Forasmuch as you have desired so simple a woman to write in so worthy a book, good master lieutenant, therefore, I shall, as a friend, desire you and as a Christian, require you, to call upon God to incline your heart to His laws, to quicken you in His ways and not to take the word of truth utterly out of your mouth. Live still to die, that by death you may purchase eternal life; and remember, now the end of Mathusael, who, we read in the Scripture was the longest liver that was of a man, died at the last: for as the preacher says that there is a time to be born and a time to die, and the day of death is better than the day of our birth."

It is pathetic to read in the same book, also in her own handwriting in Greek, Latin, and English the words:—"If my fault deserved punishment, my youth at least and my imprudence were worthy of excuse. God and posterity will show me favour."

Yours as the Lord knoweth as a friend,

JANE DUDLEY."

## IV.—Broken Friendship.

Friendship is a good deal like porcelain. It is very durable and beautiful as long as it is whole; but break it, and all the cement in the world will never quite repair the damage.

You may stick the pieces together so that, at a distance, it looks nearly as well as ever; but it won't hold hot water. It is always ready to deceive you if you trust it; and it is, on the whole, a very worthless thing, fit only to be put empty on a shelf, and forgotten there.

The finer and the more delicate it is, the more utter the ruin. A mere acquaintanceship, which needs only a little good humour to keep it up, may be coarsely puttied like the old yellow basin in the store closet; but tenderness and trust, and sweet exchange of confidence, can no more be yours when angry words and thoughts have broken them, than can those delicate porcelain tea-cups which were splintered to pieces be restored to their original excellence. The slightest crack will spoil the true ring, and you had better search for a new friend than try to mend the old one.

And all these has nothing to do with forgiveness. One may forgive and be forgiven, but the deed has been done and the word said: the flowers and the gilding are gone. The formal "making up" especially between two women is of no more avail than the wonderful cements that have made a cracked ugliness of the China vase that you expected to be your "joy for ever".

Handled delicately, washed to purity in the waters of truth, confided to no careless, unsympathizing hands, friendship may last two lives out; but it "does not pay" to try to mend it. Once broken it is spoiled for ever.

## V.—Allegory—What it is.

By an Allegory we mean a story or narrative, in which there is an undercurrent of deeper meaning intermingled with all the facts related, —as Coleridge puts it, it is to talk of one thing and thereby convey another. It is closely allied to the Fable and the Parable, differing from them more in degree and form than in essence. The Fable deals with the material world, and is often humorous and satirical; the Allegory has to do with the spiritual world, and is always earnest and serious.

In the Parable the sign and the thing signified are shewn to us side by side, and kept quite distinct from each other, whilst in the Allegory they are blended together, and the qualities of the one are often attributed to the other. The Allegory contains its own meaning, which is unfolded as the story proceeds; the Parable requires to be interpreted, and compared with the thing it signifies.

They all appeal to the imagination, and have been at all times the delight of children.

Children live in a world of imagination; to the thoughtful child, life is full of mysteries; he, therefore, delights in tales of fairy land, in stories of the marvellous, in the Pilgrim's Progress, and all that brings him near to the unseen world, of which he is vaguely conscious.

Again, in the childhood of Nations, we see the love of Allegory; what was the mythology of early Greece is but one long continuous Allegory; Prometheus, Pandora, Hercules, are they not all stories with hidden meanings? As little children lisp, and tell of Heaven, so thoughts

beyond their thought to those high Bards were given." The legend of King Arthur, the German story of Faust, and all the old Teutonic legends, half Pagan, half Christian, they all belong to the childhood of nations, and are full of unconscious meaning.

The modern world has seen the creation of two great Allegories, the Fairy Queen and the Pilgrim's Progress. In comparing the two, we shall, I think, find an answer to the question, as to how far Allegory is a legitimate and effective mode of composition. Why is it that the Pilgrim's Progress has been read by thousands, and is even fresh in interest to each succeeding generation, and at each stage of life, whilst Spenser has been "much more talked of than read, and less talked of than he deserves"?—Is it not because he has not fulfilled all the conditions under which an Allegory may be interesting ? He has brought all the powers of his fancy to bear upon his poem, he lives in his Fairy world, and would fain transport us thither too, but try as we will, it remains Fairy land to the end, remote and unearthly. He paints his characters with all the grace and beauty, the warmth and brightness of a Rubens or a Titian, we reverence the spotless purity of Una, we watch anxiously the combat of the Red Cross Knight with the Dragon, they are living beings before us, but they are Elfs, not men and women. Hence Spenser only delights those who can follow the Poet into his magic world, and be content to see with his eyes. But Bunyan comes straight home to our hearts, we feel at once we know the Slough of Despond, the Valley of Humiliation, the Straight Way, it is all familiar ground to us. He is so human ; they are real people that he is describing to us, and he has *felt* all that he describes. Spenser, pure-minded and serene, looked on at his knight's conflict and pictured it to us like an outsider.

His meaning, too, is not always easy to see, he brings such a medley of strange figures into his poem, and it is troublesome to follow them all ; the mind wearies of them, and loses the beauty of the poetry. This was not felt in his own day. Ariosto had taught people to like poetic Allegory and there was nothing incongruous to their eyes in its strange mingling of heathen mythology with mediæval romance. Men were just awaking from the long sleep of the Middle Ages, their imaginations were glowing with the new perceptions dawning upon them, and the varied fancy and mystic Puritanism of Spenser harmonised with the spirit of the age, and were the outcome of the Renaissance and the Reformation.

But now in this impatient, self-conscious nineteenth century, we have learned to think that Allegory and Poetry are not compatible.

Poetry should give delight first of all, and when it requires too much effort to understand it and follow it, the delight is lost, and poetry has not fulfilled its function.

To be effective and legitimate, an Allegory should be prose, its characters should possess a strong human interest, and its meaning should be so clear that it can go hand-in-hand with the story as it progresses. These conditions fulfilled, Allegory is to many minds a link with things unseen, explaining to grown-up children some of the mysteries of existence, and helping them to understand the Hereafter by the lessons of the Present.

## VI.—Queen Alexandra at Home.

### INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

IN her Norfolk home, the Queen has been the constant friend of the sick and infirm; not merely paying the formal call of enquiry, but herself ministering to their needs—sitting at the bedside of a sick labourer until late in an evening, and returning again to bring him some tempting food from her own table; rubbing the hands of some old woman with rheumatism, and even washing the face of an old man who appeared at that particular time to have no one at hand to do it; while she rarely enters a sick room without shaking up the pillows, and trying to put them in a more comfortable position for the patient. "I never knew anyone who could arrange pillows like the Queen," said one who had had experience of her tender ministrations. She is most sympathetic to the infirmities of the aged, and will give personal assistance to anyone needing it.

For instance, one morning, when about the Sandringham lanes, the Queen saw an old woman, burdened with a loaf of bread under one arm and carrying a cabbage and a bundle of sticks in the other hand, trying to climb a stile. She hastened to her assistance, saying, "You cannot get over with all those things in your hands; let me hold some of them for you": and taking the loaf and the cabbage, she held them until Biddy was safely on the other side of the stile.—*Mrs. Tooley, in "The Life of Queen Alexandra."*

### THE QUEEN'S PETS.

The Queen is a great lover of animals, and a full list of her pets would be a long one. Among her particular favourites are the dogs.

Mrs. Tooley tells us that Her Majesty when at Sandringham makes a systematic tour of the kennels at least once a week. "She first goes into Mrs. Jackson's cottage to have a large white apron put on, and thus arrayed she begins

her round accompanied by Mr. Brundson, who has been for fifteen years the keeper of her pets, carrying bread, which has previously been cut up by Mrs. Jackson and arranged in dainty, but capacious, baskets. The Queen opens the door of each kennel herself, and its occupants come rushing out at the sound of her voice; indeed, the previous barking has shown that they know who is approaching even before she speaks." All know her voice and vie with each other to gain a caress. The curious thing is that while the dogs will not touch bread if given to them by the keepers, they will eat up every scrap thrown to them by their beloved mistress. A visitor who on one occasion accompanied the Queen to the kennels, remarked that his dogs would not touch bread. "Then they have not been properly brought up," replied Her Majesty.

The Queen has wonderful control over the dogs, and the most unmanageable of them will do her bidding at a word. When they die they are buried in a little graveyard set apart near the kennels, and a tombstone is erected to their memory. "I noticed the grave of 'Sam,' a brown poodle, for many years the companion of the Princess Victoria, who used to have the clippings of his coat spun into yarn for crochet-ing shawls. He died in 1900. There, too, was the grave of the Duke of Clarence's old favourite, 'Venus,' who had been taken to be the King's dog. A special tombstone recording his connection with the dead Prince has been erected over his remains. Another stone was inscribed with the name of 'Beatie, for ten years the faithful companion of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales; died at Sandringham, January 13, 1893.'"

## A GOOD KNITTER.

As the Queen, when Princess of Wales, was one afternoon sitting in the cottage of a humble country friend, she laughingly took up a stocking, and there and then knitted a heel to it, remarking, "I'm sure you can't do the heel as quickly as I can. Do you know, I rather pride myself on the way I can knit stockings? I have just made a pair for the Prince, and——" Her Royal Highness was not allowed to finish her statement. The old woman, with staring eyes and almost frightened voice, exclaimed "Well, well! And so the Prince wears stockings, do'e? Ah, your Royal Highness! Only me and you, who makes these stockings, know the 'orrible 'oles the men do make in the 'eels, to be sure!"

## PERSONAL KINDNESS.

"The Queen's deeds of personal kindness," says Mrs. Tooley, "meet one in unexpected places. I called at a wayside cottage in remote Babingley, and found there a suffering woman with a bright cheerful nurse in attendance 'Yes ma'am,' said the woman, 'I have been unable to get about all winter, and as soon as the Queen heard I was too ill to attend to myself she sent a nurse to stay with me. She has been here for four months, and I have wanted for nothing, and Her Majesty has been several times to see me. At the kennels I found that the keeper had an only child, a sweet little girl, lying at the point of death. He showed me a telegram just received from the Queen, then at Windsor, saying how anxious she was to hear whether there was any hope of the child's recovery, and expressing her sympathy with the stricken parents. 'The Queen thought a lot of our little girl'—every one of the estate is of opinion that the Queen thinks 'a lot' of their children—he told me; 'and when she came to see the dogs she always came and sat down in my house to talk to my wife, and, if the child was not in, would ask for her.'"

Another page describes an incident at Marlborough House, which shows the Queen in a fresh aspect of her winning character. "Madame Jerichau Baumann, an artist, and the wife of a Danish sculptor, had known Queen Alexandra in her early years in Copenhagen, and she relates a conversation at Marlborough House, where she went to paint Prince Albert Victor, which illustrates the faithfulness to her old friends, which is one of the most beautiful traits in the Queen's character. 'Never shall I forget,' says Madame Jerichau, 'that day when the Princess showed me her new and splendid home at Marlborough House, and brought out the keepsakes of her old home, which she had brought with her. But fairest of all was the Princess herself, because she was so young and so 'lovely her looks, as the song says.' I said to her, "This is all exceedingly beautiful, but the best thing for me is to see your Royal Highness amongst all this glory and splendour, quite untouched by it, and just the same as at Bernstorff." Then she gave me her hand, and said with tears in her eyes, "Dear Mrs. Jerichau, ought I not to feel very humble because of all the kindness which has been shown me in my new home?"

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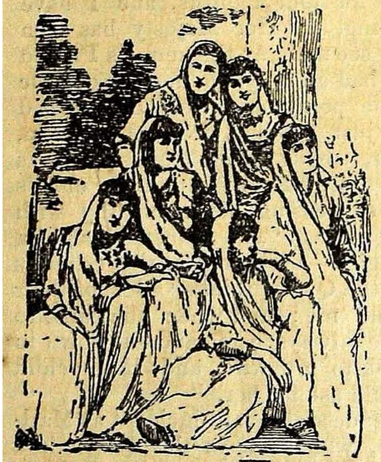
Be strong to bear, O heart!
Nothing is vain:
Strive not, for life is care,
And God sends pain.
Heaven is above, and there
Rest will remain!

*Adelaide Anne Procter.*

## Friendly Chats among Ourselves.

### COURTESY.



COURTESY is true politeness. It arises from the good feeling we have for our fellow creatures, and a wish to make those around us happy. It is the external show of internal culture. It consists in discerning the tastes and ideas of others and in forbearing to ridicule them, though they may not coincide with our own. The chief qualities that go to form courtesy are forbearance, prudence, sympathy, a good deal of love and much refinement. Some are naturally courteous, especially women, for they are full of tact and sympathy; others are too shy and too awkward to be polite, but the quality of courtesy can be cultivated like every other good habit. There is such a thing as conventional politeness, or "etiquette," as it is called, but this is absolutely of no use, and is not worthy to be cultivated, if there is no sympathy and no wish to make life pleasant for others. It is more than useless, for it is a sort of hypocrisy, that makes perfectly selfish people appear good. But this outside polish is easily seen to be as such. Nothing that is not genuinely good can appear so for a long time.

One may be perfectly unconventional, and yet thoroughly polite, if only there is an underlying wish to be agreeable to people and not to hurt their feelings in any way whatever. There is always something of benevolence and unselfishness in courtesy. It does not think of itself, does not worry about its own petty troubles; it is not absorbed in itself and so gives itself up to think of the happiness of others, and helps to promote it.

Among the nations, the French are considered the most polite and the English reserved and stiff. But surely politeness can go together with reserve. There is nothing in mere sprightliness and vivacity. We must have at heart a deep solicitude for others, which we can show in apparently small kind offices.

Though courtesy is beautiful and useful and worthy to be cultivated, we must not lose sight of the more important subject—a good character. From that alone arises true courtesy. Emerson says that beautiful manners are better than either a beautiful form or face,—and a beautiful heart is better than a highly polished manner.

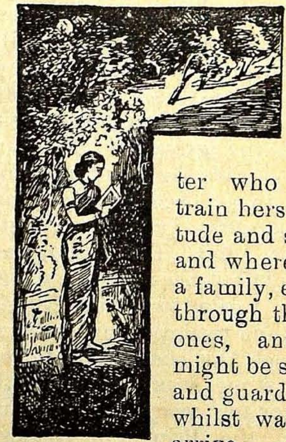
SOUNDARYA BAI.

## Home Talks.

### HOME-NURSING.

(*Taken from the Girls' Own Paper*).

V.—CHILDREN'S AILMENTS.



WITH the women of the household lies the responsibility of taking care of the children; therefore every woman, no matter who she may be, should train herself to act with promptitude and sense in an emergency, and where there are children in a family, emergencies often arise through the ailments of the little ones, and many valuable lives might be saved, did their mothers and guardians know what to do whilst waiting for the doctor to arrive.

Perhaps, the most terrifying of all infantile ailments is convulsions. These may be due to teething, improper feeding, constipation or worms. The symptoms are a twitching of the muscles and the clenching of the little hands, then a stiffening of the whole body. Dr. Macgregor Robertson says :—"Loosen all the child's clothing, dash cold water on the face and neck, by which time a hot bath should be in readiness. Test the water with the point of the elbow, for fear of scalding the delicate skin of the little one. Put the child into the bath and keep him in it for five minutes, then take him out and keep him rolled up in hot blankets until the doctor arrives." If the convulsions are caused by improper feeding, a dose of castor oil is often efficacious in removing the food that causes the irritation. Frequent convulsions, with no apparent reason, point to brain trouble, and the treatment for them must be that which is prescribed by the doctor. If mothers and others who have charge of infants would only remember at the first sign of convulsions to put the child into a warm bath, many little lives, especially in the country, where the distances are great, would be

saved. But so many women seem to be sadly afraid to do anything until the doctor comes, and often by that time, alas, it is too late.

Rickets: This disease is the product of deficient and bad food, that is, improper food, bad air and general insanitary living. A child that is nursed by the mother for a year or longer is liable to rickets, and it is also prevalent amongst hand-fed children, especially those in poor neighbourhoods. Minor symptoms of this disease are cutting the teeth very late, being backward in walking and talking. The major symptoms are that the child does not thrive, there is profuse perspiration of the head and neck and chest, the muscles are flabby, the wrists and ankles swell, and there is an intense irritation of the whole nervous system, besides which the child has apparently causeless fits of crying. The effects of rickets are seen in the many bandy-legged, knock-kneed, and pigeon-breasted children one so often meets. It also gives an increased tendency to catch infectious diseases, colds, bronchitis, diarrhœa and spinal curvature. The treatment for rickets consists in strict attention to clean and healthy surroundings, and to diet. Give the child plenty of fresh milk and fat, in winter give cod-liver oil, also let the little patient be out-of-doors whenever there is sunshine, as sunshine and fresh air are great healers and restorers. It may be said that in some parts of our large towns this treatment would be impossible, but if the mothers have the will to try to benefit their little ones, the way will be found.

Croup, which is inflammation of the larynx, is an ailment to which some children are subject. It is very terrifying to anyone who is inexperienced, as it generally comes on at night. The symptoms of an attack are usually those of a bad cold. The child will speak hoarsely, then there will be a dry frequent cough which soon turns to the croup cough, which is a long drawn out breath, with a catch or crow at the end. It is most distressing to hear, and the little patient as a rule is very feverish. Hot fomentations to the throat and chest will give a great relief, and the child should be kept in a warm, even temperature, the fire in his room being kept in day and night. A bronchitis kettle can also be used, as the steam from it so often makes it easier for the patient to breathe. A dose of ipecacuanha wine should be administered at once, to try to make the child sick. This valuable medicine should always be kept in a house where there are children. In the case of croup it is always safer to send for the doctor, but sometimes he is unable to come at once, and if the mother or nurse does not act promptly and with knowledge, the child may die before medical aid can reach him. A child subject to croup should always be clothed in flannel from knee to throat, and should not be allowed to go out in a keen east wind. Fortunately, after the age of seven, croup will disappear, but a child who has been subject to it will need very great care taken of him to bring him through his childhood.

Diarrhœa is sometimes caused by teething, but it is more often brought on by giving the child improper food. Damp and a sudden chill will also cause an attack. If caused by teething and it is only a slight attack, do not try to check it, as it will do good rather than harm, but should it become severe and prolonged, send for a doctor, do not try to treat the child yourself or a serious illness may ensue.

If caused by improper feeding, find out what has been given to the child, and change his diet. Sometimes for babies brought up by hand the cow's milk does not agree with them; try goat's milk, and if the attack continues, and the doctor makes no demur, give the child for one day arrow-root made with water, stopping the milk altogether. For children, not tiny babies, boil some rice in water, one ounce to a pint and a half of water, for one hour, then strain off the water, and give it to the little sufferer. This is much used in India for cases of diarrhœa both for young and old. Cinnamon boiled in milk is also a safe and a good remedy. If a child be subject to attacks of diarrhœa, add a tablespoonful of limewater to a teacupful of milk, and give it to him once a day.

Children suffer from constipation even more than they do from diarrhœa, and this, I must say, is often the fault of the mothers and nurses, who do not take the trouble to train the children in regular habits. Improper and over-feeding will cause constipation, and for this reason a child's diet should be most carefully attended to. "Prevention is better than cure," says the old proverb; therefore, begin with the child when he is a baby and teach him regular habits.

Give children plenty of fresh fruit in the mornings; for the wee ones, baked apples, raisins stoned put into a pie-dish, sprinkled with sugar and covered with water, then baked until quite soft, and bananas, are all safe and wholesome. Older children can have all sorts of vegetables and fruit, stewed prunes and figs in addition to what has been given above. Oatmeal porridge well cooked, and whole-meal bread in preference to white bread, can be recommended as preventives to constipation. For obstinate cases a dessertspoonful of olive oil taken night and morning will almost always bring relief. If none of these homely measures do any good, do not hesitate to send for the doctor.

## Our Needlework Column.

### THE STITCHES AND HOW TO WORK THEM.

Very little needs to be said upon this point, as the theory of this new method of drawn thread work is simple in the extreme, and consists of a suitable pattern being traced on to linen, and the design then outlined in buttonhole stitch. It is not at all necessary to draw a hard and fast line with regard to the buttonholing, which may be slight or heavy according to the taste of the worker, and the size and style of pattern. The buttonhole stitches, however, must be set close together, and the purled edges as a general rule are those nearest to the cut threads.

After the buttonholing is completed, the threads are then cut and drawn to form either the pattern itself, or the background for the pattern. It is as well not to cut too many of the threads without pulling them, but to cut and draw as you go. A mistake soon happens, and when cutting the threads for say a square, always make sure that you cut the corresponding threads on the opposite side of the square, it is surprising how you may think you are right, and then find you are just a thread out. If, however, such an accident happens, it is quite easy to darn in another thread, of course, from the ravellings, and not from lace thread or cotton. The buttonholing running round the edge enables one to do this without the slightest fear of detection.

With just this amount of care the work is easy and simple in the extreme, and well repays any time spent upon it.

All the small squares, etc., described as suitable for bed-spreads or large pieces of work, can be worked in sections, and joined afterwards, with a linen lace such as torchon, or with strips of plain linen, or narrow bands of work in the same style. This enables ladies to carry out important pieces of work without the fatigue of holding the whole of a large and cumbersome article in their hands until finished.

Very charming effects may be produced by using coloured silk for the buttonholing and satin stitch, in place of the white flax threads, and if the washing silks (boiling dye) are selected, no fears need be entertained upon the question of wear.

FIGURE 1.

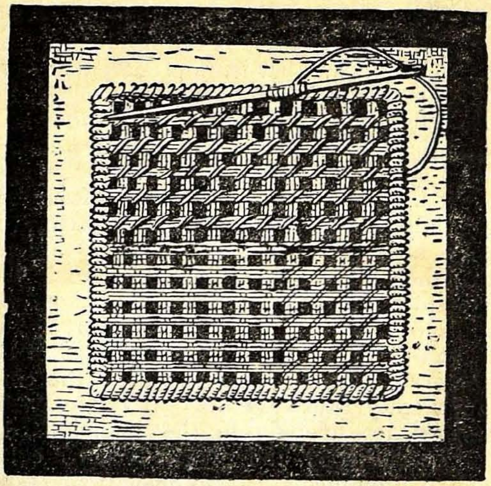


FIG. 1.—Shews small square of linen after being buttonholed round, with three threads cut and drawn, and three left. This is shewn on the wrong side, and is much easier to cut and draw, and oversew than on the right side.

The sewing over is ordinary sewing overstitch, one stitch into each hole, along one row and back the other, passing the needle and thread through the buttonhole stitches at the top of each row, and being careful that the oversewing of each row all goes the same way. Care must of course be taken not to pull the stitches in the least bit tight, as when finished the work must be as flat as the original piece of linen.

FIGURE 2.

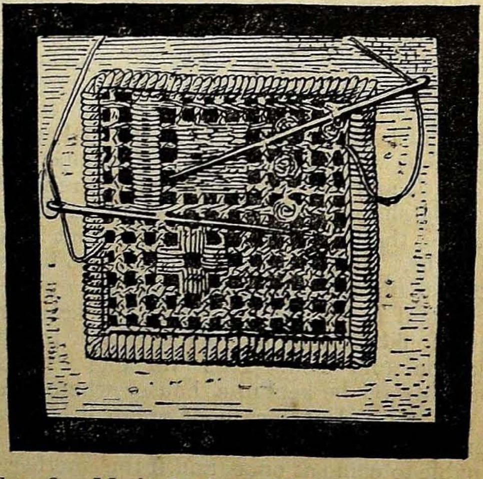


FIG. 2.—Method of working darning stitch, also the little wheels which occasionally occur. It is best to start with a tiny knot, which soon

gets hidden in the stitches, and finish off by passing the needle several times in and out of the darning at the back, being careful that it does not shew on the right side. Where practicable, however, do not cut off the thread, but carry it through the stitches behind, and up to the next hole to be darned.

This darning must be done on the right side of the work.

FIGURE 3.

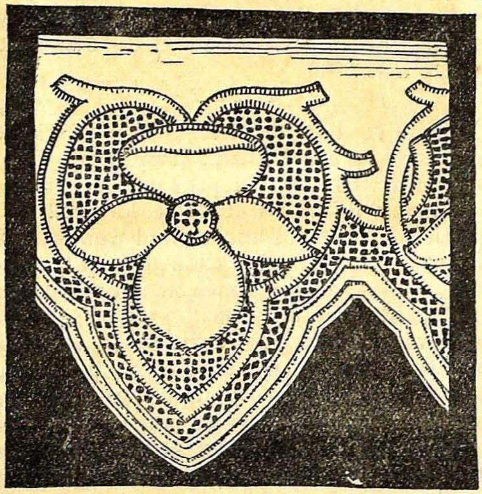


FIG. 3.—Border design 6 inches deep. In this design we shew what a very good effect may be obtained with a small amount of work. The outlining of pattern in buttonhole stitch, the edge padded and worked in thick buttonhole stitch. For the open filling, four threads cut and drawn and four left. Plainly oversewn as described at FIG. 1. Suitable for afternoon tea cloth or border for bed-spread, or looks well for edge for linen blinds.

## Our Cookery Column.

### ORANGE MARMALADE.

SLICE twelve Seville oranges very thin, first cutting them in quarters and picking out the pips. To each pound of sliced fruit add three-quarters of a pint of cold water. Let this stand twenty-four hours. Then boil it until the chips are quite tender. Allow this to stand until the next day. Then weigh it, and to every pound of boiled fruit add one and a half pounds of lump sugar. Boil the whole until the syrup jellies and the chips are quite transparent. It takes about two hours. When cool pour into jars.

This is another recipe. Allow an equal weight of Seville oranges and sugar. To every pound of sugar allow half a pint of water. Boil the oranges until they are quite soft. Split open the oranges and scrape out the best part of the pulp with the juice, rejecting the white pith and pips. Cut the rind into chips. Make a syrup with the sugar and water; boil it until clear; remove the scum; then put in the chips, pulp and juice, and boil the marmalade from twenty minutes to half an hour, removing all the scum as it rises.

Seville oranges are at their best at the end of February and during March.

### ORANGE PUDDING.

Peel and cut five sweet oranges into thin slices, taking out the seeds; pour over them a coffee-cupful of white sugar; let a pint of milk get boiling hot, by setting it in a pot of boiling water; add the yolks of three eggs well beaten, one tablespoonful of corn starch, made smooth with a little cold milk; stir all the time; as soon as thickened pour over the fruit. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, adding a tablespoonful of sugar, and spread over the top for frosting; set in the oven for a few minutes to harden. This pudding is best eaten cold.

### ORANGE ICE.

The juice of six oranges and the grated peel of three, the juice of two lemons, one pint of sugar, one pint of water and freeze.

### PRESERVED ORANGE PEEL.

Peel the oranges and cut the rinds into narrow shreds; boil till tender; change the water three times; squeeze the juice of the orange over the sugar; put pound to pound of sugar and peel; boil twenty minutes all together.

### ORANGE JELLY.

Soak one packet of gelatine in one half-pint of cold water for one hour; add the juice of three lemons, two pounds of sugar, and one quart of boiling water. When all are dissolved, add one pint of orange-juice; strain carefully and set on ice until ready for use. Eight oranges usually make it.

### ORANGE SALAD.

Peel five oranges, cut them carefully into pieces, and pour over them a hot syrup made of sugar and water. Put into a glass dish ready for the table.

### ORANGE FRITTERS.

One teacupful of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of sweet light dough dissolved in milk, three eggs beaten separately, one teaspoonful of salt, one and a half teacupfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of sugar, the grated peel of a lemon, and some oranges peeled and cut into thick slices. Mix the ingredients together; take out a little, wrapping it round a slice of orange. Drop them into hot lard; put them out on a piece of paper and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Let them stand after making, and they will be lighter.

### ORANGES PRESERVED WHOLE.

*Ingredients.*—Eight pounds of sugar-candy, one quart of water, and oranges.

Put the sugar and water on the fire in a saucepan and make a syrup of it. Put in the oranges whole and boil very slowly until only half the syrup is left. When quite cold put into jars, adding a wineglassful of rum to every pint of syrup made, should such be desired.

### ORANGEADE.

*Ingredients.*—Peel of three, juice of fifteen oranges, three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar, two quarts of water.

Peel the three oranges thinly and boil the peel with the sugar in a pint of water. Press all the juice from the oranges through a fine hair sieve into a jug. Add the strained juice and the rest of the cold water; mix and stand it on ice for an hour. Serve it in decanters.

## Varieties.

THROUGHOUT the pages of history we are struck with the fact that our remarkable men possessed mothers of uncommon talents for good or bad, and great energy of character; it would almost seem from this circumstance, that the impress of the mother is more frequently stamped on the boy, and that of the father upon the girl—we mean the mental, intellectual impress, in distinction from the physical ones. Mothers will do well to remember that their impress is often stamped upon their sons.

THE SUNSHINE OF PRAISE:—If you see anything that is worthy of praise, speak of it. Even if you cannot do a worthy deed yourself, commend one who does. Praise is a power for good; both God and man prize it. No prayer is complete without praise. The best worker for his fellows who fails to give praise fails of doing as well as he can. Mrs. Stowe states the truth effectively when she says: "Praise is sunshine; it warms, it inspires, it promotes growth; blame and rebuke are rain and hail; they beat down and bedraggle, even though they may at times be necessary." Do we do our part in giving praise?

THE LOVE OF WOMAN:—"Oh, the love of woman, the love of woman! How high will it not rise, and to what lowly depths will it not stoop! How many injuries will it not forgive! What obstacles will it not overcome, and what sacrifices will it not make, rather than give up the being upon which it has been once wholly and truthfully fixed! Perennial of life, which grows up under every climate, how small would the sum of man's happiness be without it! No coldness, no neglect, no harshness, no cruelty can extinguish it. Like the fabled lamp in the sepulchre, it sheds its pure light in the human heart, when everything around is there dead for ever!"

Between a man and his wife nothing ought to rule but love. Authority is for children and servants, yet not without sweetness.

A single bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile of sunshine may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our foot-path, full of freshness, fragrance and beauty, so kind words, and gentle acts and sweet dispositions make glad the sacred spot called home. No matter how humble the abode, if it be sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn longingly towards it from all the tumult of the world; and home, if it be ever so homely, will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun.

## Editorial Note.

**Mr. Edmund Russell's poem on the Arts of India.**

Some years ago, a beautifully illustrated complimentary copy of this exquisite little poem was sent to me by the author; and, coming across it a few days ago, I was so struck by it that I make no apology for re-producing it in full for the benefit of my readers, who, I am sure will appreciate it to the fullest extent. The poem has the more interest because it was written by one who saw Indian life more intimately than most foreign travellers. This interest in India later developed into a strong and earnest love; and in Mr. Russell, this splendid country of ours has found an interpreter, who, being of the same artistic temperament, did full justice to its wonderful light and colour. He often spoke of the charm of the high-class Indian women, a few of whom he was permitted to see, sometimes in their homes, when he knew their brothers or husbands, sometimes at ceremonies where he was the only European guest; of their grace, modesty and womanliness, and also of the lovely effect of their dress when many are grouped together, the clinging sari, forming veil and garment, in every variety of colour and texture, but always the same in style; of the sanctity of their home life; their beautiful children; the real meaning of the laws of caste; their own interpretation of their religion and why the missionary makes no progress; the Indian student and his needs—the ever-changing pictures of the bazaars, the gorgeous royal pageantry, the culture and hospitality of the Indian princes.

Some years ago in London, Mr. Russell took part in an Indian play, the "Sakuntala of Kalidas," German savants have so much written of and Goethe immortalized in verse. In this he played the leading role at an entertainment of the London Indian Society, and it was this that first drew his attention to India. Later at an Indian fete given by Lord Brassey, in which the English royal family were interested, Mr. Russell read a poem, "The Arts of India," composed for that occasion, before Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian, who accepted an exquisitely illuminated copy, afterward reading it to Queen Victoria, and expressing her appreciation and personally thanking Mr. Russell.

The poem has a pretty dedication:

'Daughter of India's Empress Queen!
A lotus flower to thee I bring—
A seed from which the next may spring
A seven-starred blossom for thy breast—
A seven-ranged gem for England's shining "crest."

It has an introduction by Romesh Dutt, and notes and an explanation by A. Sarath Kumar Ghosh—which we also give after the poem.

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## What has been done for and by Indian Ladies.

We rejoice to notice that the revival of social reform work in Bengal within the last two years has not been in vain. One of the most notable triumphs of the widow-remarriage movement was secured last week at Bhowanipore in the marriage of the widowed daughter of Babu Debendra Chandra Ghose, Senior Government pleader of Alipore Court, and prominent member of the Bengal Social Reform Association. Throughout the history of widow-remarriage movement in Bengal, we hardly know of a more worthy and honourable marriage of a widow than the present one. Babu Debendra Chandra Ghose is a man of the highest social rank and culture, held in great regard by all classes of people for his character and abilities. The girl became a widow at the age of thirteen not only to the deepest regret of the family, but of a large circle of friends. For the past six or seven years a cloud of grief overshadowed this otherwise happy family. It is with very great satisfaction that we have heard of this marriage. The marriage of a Hindu widow is a veritable resurrection, a real awakening to a new life from death. The young lady is now about twenty years of age. The bridegroom is Dr. Subodh Kumar Bose, M. D., of the Chicago University, a rising Homeopathic practitioner in Calcutta. The marriage was celebrated according to orthodox Hindu rites. Among those present on the occasion were Sir Chandra Madhab Ghose, and Justice Ashutosh Mukerjee. We look upon this marriage as a landmark in the progress of the Social Reform Movement. A few such marriages and the problem of Hindu widows will be solved in Bengal.—*The Indian Messenger.*

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The *Aligarh Institute Gazette* writes:—"Moslem women in Russia are contributing articles to newspapers belonging to their community, advocating equality of political privileges for men and women! They say that those Moslems, who have found seats in the Duma have trampled on the rights of women. Several petitions from Moslem ladies have been sent up to the Duma and an Association for establishing political equality between the two sexes has been inaugurated. This Association has petitioned for the fixing of a day, on which Moslem ladies should be allowed to plead their cause personally before the Duma. The petition has been granted," Yet there are Moslem men in India who do not want political privileges.

Mr. Ramanbhai Mahipatram Nilkanth, Secretary, Widow Marriage Association, writes: "A widow-remarriage was celebrated at Ahmedabad on the 11th instant under the auspices of the Widow Re-marriage Association. Bai Chanchal, daughter of Mech- and Hemchand, aged 25, who had become a widow two years ago, was re-married to Samal Chhagan, aged 30. The parties belong to the Dasa Shrimali Kansara caste and are inhabitants of Prantij, but reside at present at Kaira."

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The *Indian Mirror* says:—It may be news to our readers that an accomplished Bengali lady has been admitted into the membership of the Royal Asiatic Society of London. The fortunate recipient of this honour is a daughter of Mr. K. G. Gupta and wife of Mr. A. Rajkumar Banerji, M. A., C. S., Dewan of Cochin. We understand that Mrs. Banerji is a highly talented lady, blessed with a decided taste for antiquarian lore. We have lady poets and novelists by the scores among us, but none so far with a bent for antiquarian study. Mrs. Banerji is said to be now engaged in the preparation of a history of the Jews in ancient India." Mrs. Banerji is, of course, a Brahmo lady.

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The English ladies who are interested in the advancement of Female Education in India met on the 20th June in London at Lady Frederick Cavendish's house. Sir William Mackworth Young, Sir Charles Lyall, the Bishop of Madras, and many ladies and gentlemen were present. Mrs. Creighton took the chair. After discussion it was decided to form an Association, which should have, as its main object, the sympathetic study of the social conditions of Indian women and that a committee should be appointed (1) to serve as a bureau of information with regard to all work done by and for women in India, (2) to draw up courses of study and suggest books to those desirous of obtaining more information; and (3) to arrange lectures on matters connected with the aims of the Association.

It was also arranged to have two general meetings in each year for all the members, consisting of a lecture followed by discussion. In addition to this, it is hoped that other aids to study will be provided.

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Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal has just made a grant of five thousand rupees to the Normal School for Women, Aligarh.

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In response to the invitation of Mrs. K. Naraina Rau, a large number of Indian ladies assembled at Coleman's Gardens, Egmore, Madras on Saturday, to bid farewell to Mrs. Kamalakar, L.M.S., on the eve of her departure to England. As the guests arrived they were introduced to Mrs. Kamalakar, who had a kind word to say to every one. A gramophone played a number of Indian tunes and the musical programme was rendered more attractive by Telugu and Marathi songs sung by Mrs. Naraina Rau's daughters, who accompanied themselves on a harmonium. A few showers fell and hurried us into the spacious verandah where we partook of refreshments. The Indian ladies seemed to feel quite at home, for they chatted to one another and exchanged notes about the weather and that favourite and never-tiring theme of all mothers —their offspring. Mrs. S. Rama Rao, daughter of the hostess, addressed a few words to Mrs. Kamalakar and the other ladies present. She said:—"Mrs. Kamalakar and ladies,—On behalf of my mother I wish to say a few words on this occasion. You all know the reason why we have met here to-day. Mrs. Kamalakar, who has so far distinguished herself highly in her career in India and taken the L. M. S. degree, is proceeding to England to-morrow to make a special study of the diseases of women and children. Need I say that this is a rare instance of an Indian lady, who, in spite of enormous difficulties, has attained this position and is still evincing a desire to study further to be ultimately a real benefit to her country-women in India. She affords us a brilliant example to copy in every respect. We all hope she will win fresh laurels there and come back to us, a year hence, hale and hearty and more distinguished than before. I should add that besides being generously helped by a prominent Zemindar from the Northern Circars, who has been taking a deep interest in Social Reform, she gets a scholarship of £100 from Edinburgh to enable her to prosecute her studies there. Happy news has reached us that she is also to be the recipient of a scholarship of £250 from the Government of India and the Local Government, to whom the thanks of the Indian community are due for this encouragement and special recognition. I thank you, Mrs. Kamalakar, and all the others present here, for so kindly responding to our invitation."

Mrs. Kamalakar replied in a few well-chosen words, thanking the hostess for her kindness and gracefully acknowledging the good wishes of all the ladies present. After wishing their hostess good night and Mrs. Kamalakar "God-speed," the guests dispersed.

Among those present were Mrs. J. N. Atkinson, Mrs. Kunjunni Nair, Mrs. Sarma (the lady artist), Mrs. N. Pattabhirama Rau, Mrs. and the Misses Lazarus, Mrs. K. Mangesh Rau, Mrs. Arunagiri Naidu, Mrs. J. Krishna Rau, Mrs. Hensman, Mrs. U. Rama Rau, Mrs. Masilamoney Pillay, Mrs. Piere, of Ceylon, Mrs. Mahdeva Rau, Mrs. C. Krishnan, Mrs. P. Ramachandra Rau, Mrs. M. Venkatasawamy Naidu, Miss Saraswati, Mrs. H. Naraina Rau, and several others.—(*From a Correspondent.*)

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The United Provinces' Government gives a grant of Rs. 15,000 for the building of a Muhammadan Girls' School at Aligarh, and makes a further grant of half the cost of maintenance of the school to a limit of Rs. 250 a month. A well-attended meeting of the Female Education Association at Mr. Archbold's house expressed a deep sense of obligation for the patronage of Government. Another resolution was passed thanking Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal for her grant of Rs. 5,000 for preparing special text-books for girls.

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Reviewing the last annual Report on Public Instruction issued by the Punjab Government, the *Statesman* remarks: "But perhaps the most interesting statements in the Report are those referring to Female Education. From all quarters indications are visible that the prejudice against the teaching of girls is at

last breaking down in the Punjab. The effort to deal with the problem of how to systematize the teaching in Zenanas, and to substitute a proper curriculum under trained teachers for the desultory and spasmodic tuition imparted behind the purdah are beginning to bear fruit. Even more satisfactory is the fact that the efforts of the Government in this direction are seconded by local bodies, notably the Arya Samaj and the Deva Samaj, so that among the 116 new schools opened during the year 27 are self-supporting institutions, receiving no aid from the Government. It is admitted that the obstacles raised by the purdah system have not yet been removed, and that partly on this account and partly because Urdu is not the mother tongue of the pupils, the success among Mahomedans is markedly less than among Hindus. But even here encouraging signs are not wanting, such as the fact that a demand for Female Education is making itself felt in Delhi, a city which has hitherto been quite apathetic, and that the lead in the extension of girls' schools is taken by the Mahomedan district of Rawalpindi.

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"A few days back" writes a contemporary "Pundita Jiwan Mukat, of Jammu, the well-known Sikh lady preacher, delivered an impressive lecture at Sialkot on the necessity of Female Education before a large audience of Indian ladies and gentlemen. A collection was made in aid of the very flourishing girls' school maintained by her at Jammu."

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At Poona a Ladies' Club was started with Mrs. Muir Mackenzie as its President, Mrs. Doyson and Mrs. Ali Akbar as Joint Honorary Secretaries. The object of the Society is to create cordial relations between Europeans and Indians by bringing together the ladies of all nationalities into social intercourse in a place where they do not stand on formality and can know each other better. Europeans, Parsee and Mahomedan ladies have joined the Club with a few Hindu ladies. There are now 112 members. Lord Lamington formally opened the Club on the 8th instant. In the course of the Inaugural Address that he delivered, he pointed out the necessity of increasing the sympathy existing between the Indians and the Europeans, and observed that many circumstances had operated against the District officers coming into closer contact with Indians and entering into their feelings, but he maintained that District officers were just as much desirous to be on friendly terms with Indians as all other Government officials were. His Excellency impressed upon the non-official British classes the imperativeness of cementing the bonds of friendship between Europeans and Indians.

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We have great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of a copy of a report of the Ladies' Conference, held under the presidency of the Maharani Sahiba of Partabgarh, on the 27th of March 1907, at Allahabad. It was decided to hold a meeting of the ladies along with the Provincial Conference and the place agreed upon was Mr. Moti Lal Nehru's house, Ananda Bhawan Mrs. Nehru, accordingly, sent out a number of invitations and though a large number of letters of sympathy was received, ladies from outside could not see their way to be present at the Conference as plague was then raging at Allahabad. However, some sixty ladies graced the meeting with their presence and after the Rani Sahiba of Partabgarh had been voted to the Chair, the day's business began. It was resolved (1) that greater attention be paid to female education than it had hitherto received and that schools be opened to impart education to girls; (2) that the Purdah system, which was inaugurated as a matter of necessity in the time of our Mahomedan rulers, be relaxed; (3) that the age of marriage both for boys and girls be raised to 20 and 15 years, respectively.

The Rani Sahiba in her presidential speech dwelt most appropriately upon the necessity of unity and patient labour in the matter of female education and in bringing home to her audience the supreme importance of acting in concert, drew upon the lower order of creation and dilated upon the patient and industrious habits of the bee and ant from which we might well take a lesson. She spoke rather strongly against the idle and quarrelsome habits of our womenfolk, and in advocating the cause of female education, she pulled down the inherent female prejudices of respectable families against it by the sheer weight of her position. Mrs. Nehru, herself a travelled lady who has uplifted the Purdah, most eloquently dwelt upon the evils of the iniquitous Purdah system. It is gratifying to note that she is no visionary nor a disciple of Amelia Jenks Bloomer. She handled the question with tact and ability. While admitting that the Purdah, which was called into existence with the advent of Mahomedan rule and which has got such a tight hold of our social system through the overpowering prejudices of our women and is a bar to social and intellectual progress, she was of the opinion that it should be slowly relaxed. Mrs. Lalli Prasad dwelt at length upon the rights of Hindu women of old and the exalted position which once they occupied. She laid her finger on the sore spot of our social system, *viz.*, early marriage, the canker which is eating into the vitals of our society, which has contributed not a little to bring about our physical and intellectual degeneration. She very appropriately cited the instance of Japan and showed that Japanese ladies are not negligible factors in the progress and civilisation of that country. The charge of neglect of Female Education has been laid at our door but in that matter we are all in the same boat—and are of opinion that a little self-help on the part of our ladies would facilitate matters. Miss Banerji spoke about the utility of Swadeshism in the industrial regeneration of our country. Miss Mohini Ghosh impressed upon her audience that in union lay strength and that it was their duty to properly educate themselves and to sacrifice their lives for the good of their country. She rightly remarked that national salvation could only be achieved when our women bore with us a proper share of their duties and responsibilities. Almost all the speeches were characterised by good sense, moderation and sound judgment. It gives us great satisfaction to note that the ladies have left politics severely alone. We hope the day would dawn when our women would gain admittance to such of the public and semi-public careers as are essentially suitable to their genius and character and to participation in those lines of industry which may be conducted through the co-operation of their special power and methods.

Some time ago, a Mahomedan Association was established with Mr. Mahomed Jaffer as the President. We are glad to learn that this Association will shortly establish another Girls' School. We wish the school every success.

It is gratifying to note that it is not Indian young men only who are going abroad for education in larger numbers, but the number of ladies also who venture to go to foreign countries for education is increasing markedly. One of the pioneers in this direction was the well-known poetess, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu. Last year two ladies from Bengal—Mrs. Sarala Mitra and Miss S. Das, the adopted daughter of Mr. Madhusudan Das, of Cuttack, and a Mahomedan lady from Bombay—went to England to be trained as teachers. We are glad to learn that Miss Sarojini Das, B.A., daughter of our friend, Mr. Sadayacharan Das, who since her graduation was working as a teacher in the Brahmo Girls' School, has just proceeded to England for completing her education. Sadayachar Das has set an excellent example in determining to give his daughter the very highest possible education at a cost which for one in his position is by no means very easy, and it is still more brave of him to send his only child to a distant land for education.

Miss Victoria Mukerji has been awarded a gold medal for securing the highest marks in Original Composition in English at the B. A. Examination of the Calcutta University.

H. E. Lady Minto presided at a meeting of the Central Committee of Lady Minto's Nursing Association at Simla on Monday. The Association now has Rs. 3½ lakhs invested as an endowment fund. A grant of Rs. 70,000 from the funds realised by the Minto Fancy Fete was received and also a liberal donation of Rs. 10,000 from H. H. the Maharanee of Jaipur. Concessions to Nursing Sisters travelling on duty have been agreed to by all the Indian Railways and also by the Steamship Companies of Assam.

On Saturday last, another party for Hindu ladies was given by Mrs. Lazarus and Mrs. Sreenivasa, at their residence, at Waltair. The room was well filled with the Indian ladies who joined heartily in the games of "Hiss and Clap," "Musical Chairs" and "Post." There was music and singing at intervals. The interest of the evening, however, culminated in the reading of a lesson on Domestic Economy in Telugu by one of the ladies.—(*From a Correspondent.*)

Mrs. Dosibai Muncherji Kotval, of Secundrabad, has subscribed Rs. 7,000 to the Dr. Jamasji Jiwaji Dispensary of Surat.

## News and Notes.

Lady Butler, wife of General Sir William Butler, has just been made the recipient of an unusual honour, the Lords Justices of Ireland, acting for the Lords Lieutenant, having appointed her one of the Governors of the National Gallery of Ireland for a term of five years. The appointment is a striking recognition both of Lady Butler's great talents as an artist and of her personal charm and distinction.

Mrs. Laverton, a lady who nearly lost her life the other day while rescuing a small child that had fallen into the river at Gurais in Kashmir, is now on the high road to recovery. She had received injuries from rocks which she had come into contact with, and it was feared at first that she would not recover. The river was in flood at the time. She is the wife of Captain Laverton, 3rd Hussars, stationed at Sialkot.

Miss Edith Durham, whose able books on the Balkans have attracted some notice, has received a gold medal from the Prince of Montenegro in token of her services towards that country. She has also been appointed to take charge of the Montenegro section of the Balkan Exhibition at Earl's Court.

The Galimard Joubert Prize has been awarded by the Committee of the Association of Artists, Sculptors, &c. (Delorme Goundation) to a woman, Mlle. Marguerite Delorme. Mlle. Delorme has exhibited at the Salon of French artists.

The *Guardian* gives the following information concerning the memorial which is being raised to the late Miss Maitland, Principal of Somerville College: "It has been decided that an attempt should be made to collect a sum of £2,850 to pay off the remainder of the debt on the College Library and also to set free the Pfeiffer Trust money which was diverted from scholarships to the building fund. If this is done, the Library, the existence of which is so largely due to Miss Maitland's efforts, can be called by her name."

Madame Albani, the famous singer, is arousing the enthusiasm of the Australian public with a troupe of talented musicians, including Mr. Haydn Wood, violinist, Miss Myrtle Meggy, pianist, Miss Mildred Jones, contralto, and Mr. William Green, tenor. The troupe will pay India a visit in November.

The world-wide character of the Woman's Movement has just received a striking illustration from the country of Hypatia where an Egyptian girl student—a Moslem, be it remembered—has just taken her B. A. degree. She is the first Egyptian woman to gain the distinction, but she will probably not long be the only one, for already there are seven Government schools for girls, staffed by trained women teachers from the "Women's Normal School" at Boulak. The women of Egypt are thus beginning to regain the free and honoured position which they enjoyed more than two

thousand years before the time of Christ. Then woman was the mistress of the house; she inherited equally with her brothers, and had full control over her property. According to M. Parteret, she was "judicially the equal of man, having the same rights, and being treated in the same fashion." She could also bring actions, and even plead in the courts. She practised the art of medicine, and as priestess, had authority in the temples. To crown all, as queen she was often the highest in the land.—*The Christian Life* of 22nd June, 1907.

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What progress the cause of the advancement of women has made can be imagined from the fact that even the Vatican has been compelled under pressure from British hierarchy to assent to the establishment of Roman Catholic Women's Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge. It is evident that everywhere the citadels of conservatism are giving way before the surging tide of liberal thought. May we not, then, hope that it will not be long when tradition and custom will no longer impede the course of women's progress in India.

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The highest honors in the Law School of New York University have been won this year by a twenty-year-old girl, Miss Florence Edith Bruning. It was announced at the graduation exercises last week that she stood first in a class of more than a hundred students, of whom 96 were men. She was cheered when she received her diploma. The honour carries with it a prize of $100. This is the second time in the history of the New York University Law School that a woman has won first honours. The previous winner was Miss Alice Dillingham of Eaglewood, N. J., in 1905.

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Two young women and 84 men took their degrees as Bachelors of Law at the Boston University commencement last week. The young women were Miss Evelyn F. Murphy, of Roslindale, and Miss Lucy L. Sandberg, of Chelsea.

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Miss Mary E. McDowell, who is at the head of the University of Chicago settlement work, delivered the commencement oration at the University of Colorado Her subject was "The Social Obligation of the Student."

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Mrs. J. R. Crawford of Ashtabula, Ohio, has been commissioned by the Government as assistant light-keeper. She has been helping her husband, the light-keeper, because no man could be found for the work. Mrs. Crawford is the second woman appointed to such a position on the Great Lakes.

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Mrs. Jennie Steele Huegle, of Des Moines, who was elected school superintendent of Polk County last fall after a stubborn fight, has so far given eminent satisfaction by her administration. She is now arranging for a six weeks' summer school, which will cover the work required in the examination for a teacher's certificate.

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Mrs. Lida Calvert Obenchain (Eliza Calvert Hall) whose story, "Sally Ann's Experience," says that she first became interested in woman suffrage through some copies of the *Woman's Journal* that fell in her way, many years ago. One of the services that the Journal has rendered to the cause during the past 38 years has been to convert a number of the persons who are to-day among the ablest workers for equal rights.

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Mrs. Admiral Chadwick has gone to London to attend the eighth International Conference of the Red Cross Society. While there she will exhibit a device for carrying wounded soldiers in such a way as to afford as much comfort and ease as possible, and at the same time to check the flow of blood. The invention is highly approved by some of the foremost military authorities, and there is said to be a fair chance of its general adoption. With such a wife, it is no wonder that Admiral Chadwick has lately declared himself in favour of woman suffrage.

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Mrs. Marshall Field has been appointed a member of the new consulting board of the Chicago Health Department. Much is expected of this board, which Dr. W. A. Evans, the Chicago Health Commissioner, has been trying for years to get established. The members are five male physicians and Mrs. Field. Dr. Evans is reported as saying: "In Mrs. Field, we shall have a speaker to present to the clubs the material gathered by the Health Department. We are going to look into the milk supply, consider the control and suppression of epidemics, quarantine regulations, the management of isolation hospitals, and the pure-food movement. We hope in a month or so to get around to the lodging-house problem, in the consideration of which we shall have the aid of another woman, Miss Jane Addams."

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Miss Beulah Strong, the illustrator of "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," is of New Hampshire parentage, but was born in New Orleans. She received her art education at the Art Students' League of New York City, the Academic Julienne and the Academic Colarossi in Paris. She has exhibited pictures at the Boston Art Club, at the Academy of Design and Society of American Artists in New York City, and at the Paris Salon. The reviewers of "Aunt Jane" have given flattering notice of her illustrations, and the frontispiece, in particular, is pronounced a masterpiece. Walter Littlefield, in the *ChicagoRecord Herald* says it shows "a splendid sense of visualization," and other readers say it is as perfect in its way as Albert Sterner's picture of Thomas Nelson Page's "Cousin Fanny." Only one familiar with Southern scenes and characters could have illustrated such a book as "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," and a twelve-years' residence in Kentucky and Tennessee gave Miss Strong a peculiar fitness for this work.

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Mrs. John Watson, wife of the clergyman-novelist, who wrote under the name of Ian MacLaren, will edit the memoirs of her husband.

Miss Mary L. Dalton, librarian of the Missouri Historical Society, through research work, has become an authority on the history of her State and in genealogical matters.

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Miss Eugenie Cormier, a graduate of the parochial school of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has been presented with a gold medal by the Council La Rocque for the best work on the history of Canada in the French Language.

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Miss Alice M. Longfellow, Mrs. Richard C. Dana and Mrs. J. C. Thorpe, of Cambridge, Mass., daughters of the poet Longfellow, have given Bowdoin College $10,000 to endow a fellowship in literature in memory of their father.

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Miss Jean Gordon attended the National Conference of Charities and Correction at Minneapolis, in the full dignity and responsibility of her position as Factory Inspector for the State of Louisiana.

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Miss Eleanor McMain went as a delegate, appointed by the Mayor of New Orleans, and represented the Kingsley House settlement, of which she is the head. Miss Gordon and Miss McMain attended the meeting in Chicago of the National Playgrounds Association, visited Hull House, the Juvenile Court and Chicago Commons, and returned full of ideas and plans for the betterment of their own city and State.

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Mrs. Franklin M. Couch has presented to the town of Dalton, Mass., a handsome drinking fountain for horses and dogs. At the unveiling of the fountain, one hundred and fifty children, already pledged to be kind to animals, conducted a pretty ceremony marching, singing songs and waving flags. Mrs. Huntington Smith, president of the Boston Animal Rescue League told of her work.

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Miss Ina Coolbrith was one of the victims of the San Francisco disaster of last year. All her books and literary material, including the manuscript of a history of California, to the preparation of which she had devoted a large part of her time for the last ten years, was destroyed by fire. A new edition of her "Songs from the Golden Gate," which has been virtually out of print since the fire, is now being issued.

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Mrs. Nannie G. Falconer, of Lexington, is superintendent of schools in Fayette county and is a leader in the management of public schools in Kentucky. She was recently elected president of the State Association of County School Superintendents, an organization which is working to secure legislation favourable to the public schools, to obtain better school buildings, and to establish a high school in every county.

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Mrs. Richard S. Emrich, formerly Jeannette Wallace of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, New York, is doing kindergarten training work at the Mardin Mission, Mardin, Turkey. Together with her husband she is making a translation of the Motherplay into Arabic; also the songs and games. By degrees they are translating many stories. The natives who assist in the kindergarten in the morning have their training work in the afternoon. All the work has to be interpreted, for there are no textbooks in the language.

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Mme. Lillian Nordica has completed plants for the establishing of an American Beyreuth on the Hudson, near New York City. She has purchased a beautiful site of twenty acres, and it is promised that within two years the Lillian Nordica Festival House where Wagnerian operas are to be given, will be opened. She purposes also to found an American Institute of Music, where American young women and men will be furnished opportunities to acquire a musical education equal to the best that can be obtained abroad.

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## Selections.

### AN APPEAL TO THE INDIAN MUSSALMANS.

(*By Mrs. Ali Akbar, a well-known enlightened Lady of Bombay*).

The Muhammadans have fairly and sufficiently advanced to realise the truth of the dictum "Survival of the fittest." It is now no longer necessary to bandy words, nor to depend upon sentimental favours. The struggle in India is becoming keener and the fact that Hindus predominate by much larger numbers and are able to live in less expensive style makes it all the more necessary for the Muslim community to awake now without losing a moment any further. The leaders must preach, nay, each man and woman who understands ought to take up, the mission and teach and impress upon their communion brothers or sisters as the prime necessity of now once for all making a sudden rush and a great inroad into that sentimental barrier which has been keeping us away from receiving Western education, which now admittedly is a *sine qua non* for existence in India. Education then again is not only meant for the class who aspire only to clerkships, but must be an object of every man, woman or child, who wish to lift themselves up above the common level. Muhammadans can boast of warriors, professional geniuses, poets, scholars and literary men. What is now wanted is "walk with the time" and unless that is done our salvation becomes hopeless. We must ingrain ourselves into it and consider it indispensable and once we attain that goal, favours from Government and other channels are bound to flow in. It is, therefore, the sacred duty of every one concerned with the community to be taught and to teach this great truth that without it we must go to the wall, even with Government sympathy at our back.

When once this is realised it will not be difficult to see that if it is so essential to educate men, how much more necessary it is to educate our women. Sufficient attention does not seem to have been given to this

question, but to my mind it is of such vital importance that any further lethargy in that behalf must perforce corrode into the system of our community and continually keep us back in the walk of life. From the experience of Europe it had been too glaringly made apparent as to what influence a woman can wield in her household and particularly upon her children, and if the mother has not an elevated and educated idea and knowledge of things in general which can only be acquired through education, she cannot cope with the requirements of the times and her offspring cannot receive any inspiration from such a mother. An educated and well-read mother is bound to bring up her boy or girl with the love of every thing that is good and noble and this constant influence upon the mind of the child in the young days of youth would certainly give him character and enable him to cope with all the difficult problems he is called upon to face in his future career. It is said that educated mothers will even enable you to dispense with the services of preachers as they cannot exert the same influence which a mother behind the curtain can upon her offspring.

Under these circumstances, it is highly essential to encourage all associations which have for their object the education of women. Take for instance the school started by Mr. Abdullah at Aligarh. Every one, who has had any thing to do with it, knows what an upward struggle was made to keep this institution alive and what difficulties its founders had about it and thanks to such energetic men who have not allowed it to die an unnatural death. To these men the thanks of the community are due, for they have ventured to do what few would do and in spite of opposition and lack of funds they have managed to steer their boat so far. What Mussalman who has the interest of the community at heart would not feel grateful to them? May their efforts achieve more success in the cause of our community!

PRESIDING at the prize distribution of the Peary Charan Girls' School, Sir Gurudas Banerjee spoke earnestly in support of female education. He said: "It is the women of the land that make the generation that is to be. It is the mothers who educate boys as well as girls, and if they be illiterate, how can we expect the nation to rise." He pointed out to the high standard of learning prevalent among women in ancient India and in substantiation of his statement, besides referring to the well-known instances of Gargi and Maitreyi, mentioned a very interesting fact, which is not generally known. The learned speaker stated that the Mitakshara, one of the best and most elaborate legal works, which regulates the law of inheritance of a large section of our countrymen, was written by a Hindu lady. A recent number of the Bengali monthly magazine, *Bharati*, has an excellent article enumerating some of the women of ancient India who were famous for their learning, which we very much wish should be published in a pamphlet form and distributed broadcast. Beginning at the Vedic times, it names some of the women who were among the writers of the Vedic Mantras. The 23rd Shukta of the 5th Mandala of the Rig Veda was written by a woman whose name was Biswabara. Another woman contributor to the Rig Veda was Lopamudra, the wife of Agastya. The 19th Shukta was written by her. Similarly the 125th Shukta of the tenth Mandala of the Rig Veda was written by a woman, Bak; she was the daughter of Ambhrina. Coming to the times of the Upanishads there are the glorious examples of Maitreyi and Gargi. There was another learned woman at this period, the daughter of a Manu, Debahuti. From her childhood upwards, her thirst for knowledge was so great that though the daughter of a king she chose a poor Rishi for her husband. Debahuti renounced the wealth and opulence of her father's palace to follow her husband in the forest and there in the solitary cottage spent her days imbibing all the learning of her husband. This Debahuti was the mother of Kapila, the founder of the Sankhya philosophy. Debahuti herself educated her son and moulded his thought, and much of the glory of the son is to be attributed to the mother. Buddhism as is well-known, gave a great impetus to female education in India, and many were the women who rose to eminence in culture and spirituality during the Buddhistic period. Among the Missionaries whom Buddhism sent abroad were many women, of whom the name of Sangamita, the daughter of the Emperor Asoka, is well-known. The name of another great woman emerges out of the darkness which shrouds Indian history at the epoch when Sankaracharya was formulating his philosophy. Sankaracharya had a great controversy with a famous contemporary theologian named Mandan Misra. It was stipulated between them that whoever would be defeated would accept the discipleship of the other; and for the Judge they elected Bharati the wife of Mandan Misra. At the close of the controversy Bharati declared in favour of Sankaracharya and Mandan Misra true to his word accepted the discipleship of Sankaracharya. The depth of the learning of the woman who was elected to preside over the controversy of Sankaracharyas and Mandan Misra can easily be imagined. And the way in which Bharati adjudicated between the competitors, giving the verdict impartially, even when it went against her husband proves conclusively the greatness of the woman. Bhaati followed her husband in the discipleship of Sankar and rendered valuable services to him in his great work. Then there is the more widely known name of Lilabati, the mathematician. Lilabati was the daughter of Bhaskaracharya, and became a widow at an early age, whereupon Bhaskaracharya determined to give her a liberal education; she is reported to have grown to be an extraordinary mathematician. Similarly there were Bhanumati, famous in the art of necromancy, and Khana in astronomy. It is said that Khana learnt astronomy from the non-Aryans; if it be so, she is all the more to be admired. Of course this list is not exhaustive; but as it recalls a glorious picture of a great past, and serves to prove beyond doubt that the present ignorance and illiteracy of Indian women is the disgraceful legacy of a later dark age. Those of our countrywomen of our own times, who have aspired to attain a high standard of culture and learning in spite of the derision and insinuations of the vulgar scribes and the opposition of the reactionaries, are introducing no innovation, but are only trying to revive the ancient traditions of India's womanhood. Those who object to higher education of women are ignorant of the history of ancient India.

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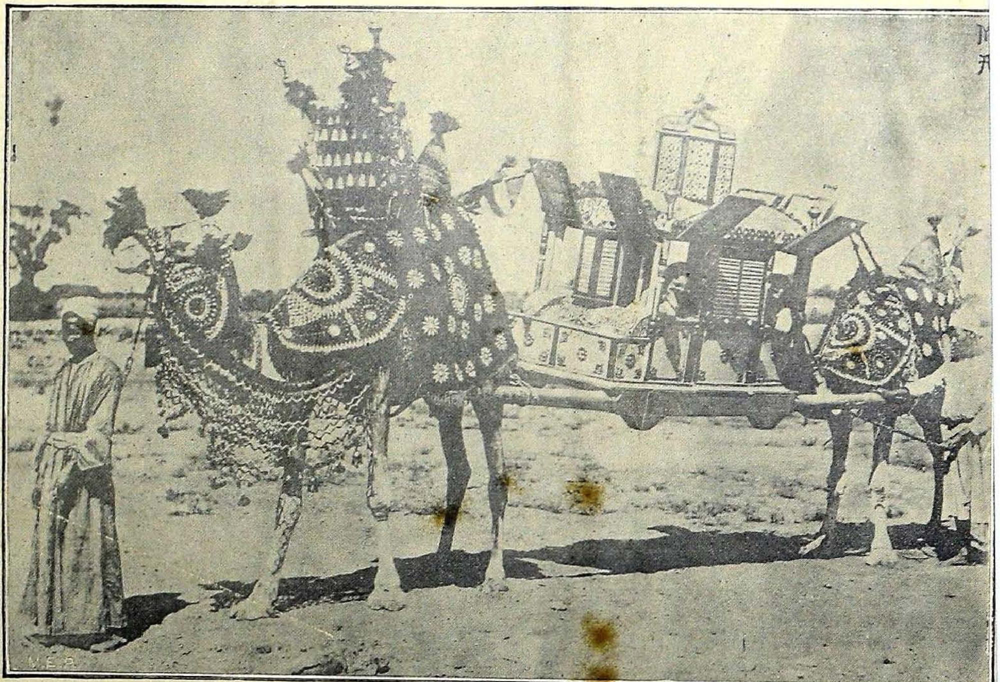

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